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Vol. CLIII No. 2002 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 4 1938

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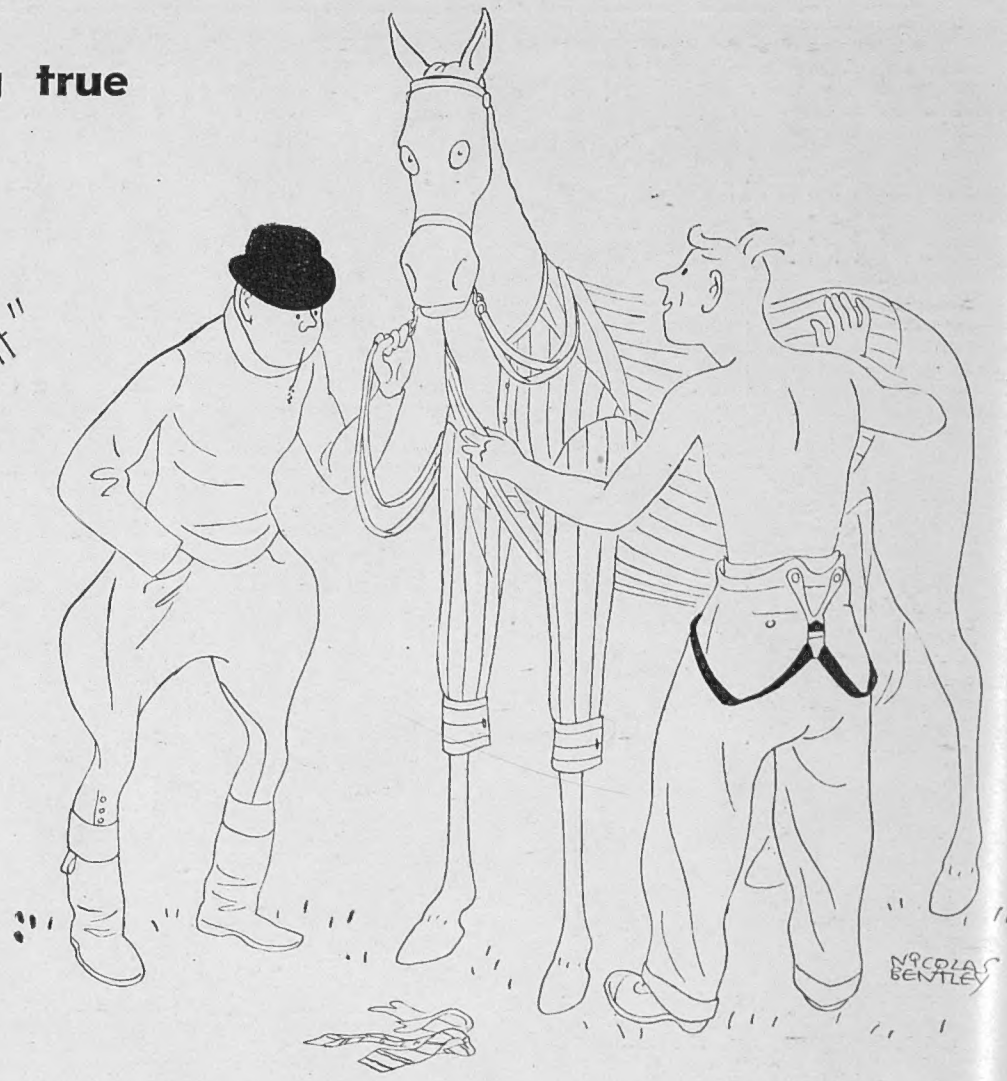

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June 4, 1938

FRENCH AIR CHIEFS IN LONDON

Sir Kingsley Wood with General Vuillemin and Other Members of His Mission

Further evidence of the close touch that is being maintained between the British and French fighting services—a product of mutual understanding, but of no hard and fast military agreement—was forthcoming this week when General Vuillemin, chief of the French Air Staff, arrived in London at the head of an air mission invited over by the British Government to visit our R.A.F. establishments and see at first hand the progress of the big expansion programme. On Monday the party was received at the Air Ministry by Sir Kingsley Wood, the new Minister, who gave his callers an insight into the speeding-up plans he is now formulating. On the same day another air mission arrived in London—the delegates sent by our Government to Canada returning to report on their findings regarding the prospects of building up a war potential of production in the Dominion. Just now, it seems, activity in aeronautical affairs is at peak, and, with Parliament and people aroused to the fullest pitch of interest and Sir Kingsley at the helm, there should be steady progress towards the ideal of aerial security

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ROYAL FAMILY PARTY AT OLYMPIA: The King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, and young friends of the Princesses (fellow members with them in the Buckingham Palace troop of Girl Guides), pictured as they watched the Royal Tournament during their visit on Wednesday of last week, one of the most crowded days Their Majesties have had in the present season. In the morning the King presented Colours to the Grenadier Guards

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, June 1, 1938.

RUSSIA BREAKS SILENCE.

—If the words of Government spokesmen mean anything, the speech by the Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. should not be lost in the congestion of important news items. After the usual assurances of his country's ability to resist aggression, M. Troyanovsky said that Russia could not pursue an isolationist policy in Europe. "We are tied by our treaties. We are ready with France to defend Czechoslovakia in the event of aggression. We are ready to defend France itself. . . . The attitude of the Czechs is an encouraging feature, which shows the way to deal with those aggressors. With the end of the lethargy and 'jitters' of certain Powers, the end of the present international troubles should soon come." There are many in England who believe this last statement. The Czechoslovakia "week-end" crisis confirms its truth. If M. Troyanovsky is not disowned by the Soviet, his words are important and comforting. Silent, unknown Russia *is* a great factor in the situation. We may not favour her politics and constitution, though our statesmen constantly declare that they are no business of ours; and even the most bitter enemies of Communism must admit that the most virulent germs of Communism have not seriously affected Britain as yet. But if France can feel that, in the event of clear aggression against Czechoslovakia or herself, Russia would support her and Britain fulfil the obligations of the Entente, then indeed there must be good grounds for believing (what I suggested last week) that the star of aggression is already waning.

EMPIRE DAY IN LONDON: Two children of Tollington Park, Finsbury, waving their Union Jacks which were issued to them to mark the occasion, which is always celebrated with much enthusiasm in the schools, lectures being given on the special significance of the day in the life of the commonwealth of nations

AIR EXPANSION.—

The Socialist vote of censure in the great air debates gave the Premier his chance to sum up, after giving to the Socialist Opposition an opportunity to reveal that after all it possesses one representative who can understand what is the true function of Opposition in times of danger, and has the ability to invest Opposition criticism with dignity and value. That is Mr. Dalton. It is the first time for years that the Socialist Opposition has made a serious and useful contribution to an important debate, or indeed displayed qualities of statesmanship and oratorical powers higher than those found in a petulant schoolboy in a house debating society. Mr. Dalton was effective; he swayed and impressed the House because he refused to employ the grave occasion to make cheap party scores and pin-pricks. There is to be no inquiry, and no Ministry of Supply unless war should break up. Meanwhile the Premier inspired some confidence that the days of planning were over and the day of fulfilment come. He assured us also that no other nation could compare with ours in the speed and efficiency of bombers and fighters. Already we possess one of the most formidable air fighting forces in the world. On these assurances we are invited to let the new men get on with the business of delivering the goods unhampered by criticism. An invitation which our easy-going natures and love of "fair play" incline us to accept.

OASIS IN CHELSEA.—

There was no sign of drought (as the King remarked) in Chelsea last week. Company's water enabled the "fringed pool and ferned grot" to appear as cool and damp and delicious (God wot) as ever. No doubt the experts do not go to Chelsea to see these enchanting exhibitions of plumbing by sanitary engineers, which never cease to delight me and other children. Nor do pirates' caves and miniature Cheddar Gorges properly belong to the science of gardening, which should still show a balance in favour of Nature over Art. At least I think so, though I enjoy visiting occasionally such freak gardens as exist or have existed at Henley, Bournemouth and elsewhere, and more and more tend to distract the eye at Chelsea. If you ask "Is it worth all this trouble?", you open the large question of advertisement appropriation. Artificial pools and grots certainly do bring big business during their ephemeral existence at Chelsea. So, too, does the titanic and courageous labour of transporting 300 miles in its surrounding ton of Cornish soil a single flowering rhododendron. But the Show is as ever full of interest for experts, ever hungry for new hybrids and rarities. Among such were Lord Aberconway's blue Cape primroses, the Duke of Richmond's yellow-pink arums, the Exbury amaryllis of many hues, and Dame Alice Godman's white Ceanothus, and there are some new roses of course, though I don't think roses have been mightily improved in the past generation. With all its inevitable artificiality the Chelsea Show remains one of the most enchanting features of the London Season, and was especially lovely this year.

EIGHTS WEEK AND TRINITY.—

There is a type of Englishman who is best described as an Old Boy. He is for ever returning to the scenes of his school and college days and never misses a function at his Alma Mater's. His habitual wear is his Old School tie. You see him at Lord's reminiscing in the pavilion when rain has driven or kept all others away. You see him at Henley wearing a white beard above a Leander tie and you see him barging down the tow-path or yelling on his college barge in Eights week. I do not altogether admire him. He is indeed a throttling old bore. But there are times when I envy him. There are no footsteps back for most of us and it is best to look to the present and future and to turn not back the earlier leaves and chapters. For there are very few "Old Boys" who have made much impression on their generation since they were boys. Old Boyhood is a confession of failure. But in summer I sometimes regret that I do not live near Oxford and that I have not kept more in touch with her magic. There must have been many who were undergraduates at Oxford in the reign of Edward VII who, visiting Oxford during Eights week 1938, felt the illusion that Time had rolled back and the "great days" come again. For this year the scene in Christchurch Meadows and on the tow-path was a page from the Edwardian age, a peep into the pre-war era. Not for years were there seen such crowds, such enthusiasm (though not on the tow-path), such interest, such gaiety. And for some of us the week was specially notable and thrilling, for the chance that our own particular college had of record breaking and going head of the river after long, long years. The

OPERA IN REGENT'S PARK: Basilio (Ian Glennie) making a petition to the Count Alma Viva (W. Johnstone-Douglas); a picture taken at London's Open-air Theatre during the dress rehearsal of the Chanticler Opera Company's production of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* with which the 1938 season has been given its send-off. The start was marred by the wettest week-end of the year

last occasion when Trinity was head of the river, Palmerston was Premier and Garibaldi the rage in London —*Consule Planco*, as the Old Boy would say.

FRIENDSHIP AND HATE.—

I followed with interest and sympathy the meetings and doings of the *Comité internationale permanent des anciens combattants* in England. It is a long title but a good one. The men who fought side by side and on opposite sides in the mass lunacy 1914–18 have for some years gone about their business of creating understanding and goodwill among the peoples of civilisation. So have the Boy Scouts, the International Graves Commissions, the hundred-and-one other organisations which have an international field of common interests. So everywhere does the man in the street in his dealings with men of other races (except during international football matches). The vast majority of the human race hold out the hand of friendship each to his neighbour whose nature and aspirations he understands and sympathises in, even if he does not understand his language and habits. For everyone who preaches and inspires hate 999,999 practise friendship and sympathy, and long to ensue them. Hate is the prerogative and practice of

a half doz Dictators and a thousand or two of D tors' tools spread over the world's fac . And the Dictators win all the time, all d n the line. *They control the publicity.* t doesn't make sense. It is Bedlamic. For even if only fifty-one human bei s in every 100 (instead of 99·9) longed for peace and friendly co-operation, peace and co-operation should win the day. But a tiny minority dictates hate and preaches war. Isn't it curious, even tragic?

INTERNATIONAL SPORT.—

When Aston Villa played a combined German and Austrian football XI at Stuttgart the other day, the cause of international peace was not greatly benefited, nor understanding and fellowship between two great nations materially cemented. The Germans are fond of football but dislike some of its rules, notably the off-side rule. So when the whistle blew against them, the German crowd rose in a body and hissed and cursed the Villa-men. Their players forgot that the ball is the object to be kicked and in a game of rough-house had the better of the Englishmen. Indeed at one time the ground was like a battlefield and the ambulance men and Storm Troopers did most of the running about. England has no reason for self-righteousness. The Oval crowd treated Bradman to an exhibition of vile manners not much less degrading. I am not fond of these exhibitions of international sport. Even Olympic games can be unedifying; but international football is still a little less beastly and degrading and destructive than international war. Anyway, less destructive.

AN ORDINARY MAN.

—It has always been the custom, for the public has always demanded it, that our public servants, and especially prime ministers, should wear a label and adopt a role, however inconsistent with their public character. In fact, the more inconsistent the better. Some premiers, therefore, pretended that they hated power and cared only to win the Derby. Others, that nothing was really worth doing but to translate Homer, or grow hot-house flowers. Mr. Baldwin chose (or had forced on him) two labels mutually inconsistent. He was the plain, ordinary, honest Englishman ("with a stick and a pipe and a half-bred black and tan") and he was the literary-minded squire torn from his sunny library. He revealed the inconsistency of his labels recently when he opened the Cohen Library at Liverpool University with one of his favourite confessions of faith. He told how all his public life he had longed for the day of release when he could find time to read and think; and how public service so wore him out that when release came he could neither think nor read. He recovered his health and forced himself to begin reading, but the books that proved his right medicine proved him (alas!) to be no ordinary man. He started on Wordsworth, switched over to Hardy's *Dynasts*, and found his peace and salvation at last in Erasmus. Alas for labels! Examine the books of any library in Britain (most of them to-day stock only the cheaper, most advertised and nastier types of novels) and you will discover that England is not a nation of "ordinary men," if indeed Lord Baldwin be such. There is no great demand for Wordsworth, for Hardy's *Dynasts*, or for Erasmus.

"THE BULLDOG OF THE NEW DEAL" WEDS IN SECRET: Sixty-four-year-old United States Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes seen on arrival at Paddington with his twenty-five-year-old bride, Miss Jane Dahlman, niece of the American Minister to Eire, after their surprise marriage in Dublin. Mr. Ickes, whose first wife was killed in a motor accident three years ago, is one of Mr. Roosevelt's most hard-hitting and hard-working henchmen. He owns a 170-acre estate in Maryland

MASS MURDER FROM THE AIR.—

For many months following the first bombing of Barcelona I expressed week after week my loathing for these mass-murders and for those who authorise and execute them. Then, since it is an opinion which must be shared by every decent man and since no writer can forever harp on one string, I referred to the subject more rarely. It is discouraging therefore to be accused by several correspondents of praising Franco for his bloody work (which is not the less bloody by the fact that murder has been done on the other side). The truth is: one should never employ irony in writing for the Press. Irony is not perceived (at least, by half a dozen correspondents who possess Irish names or write from Northern Ireland, some with restraint and some with deplorable boorishness).

WHEN THIS TYRANNY IS OVER-PAST.—

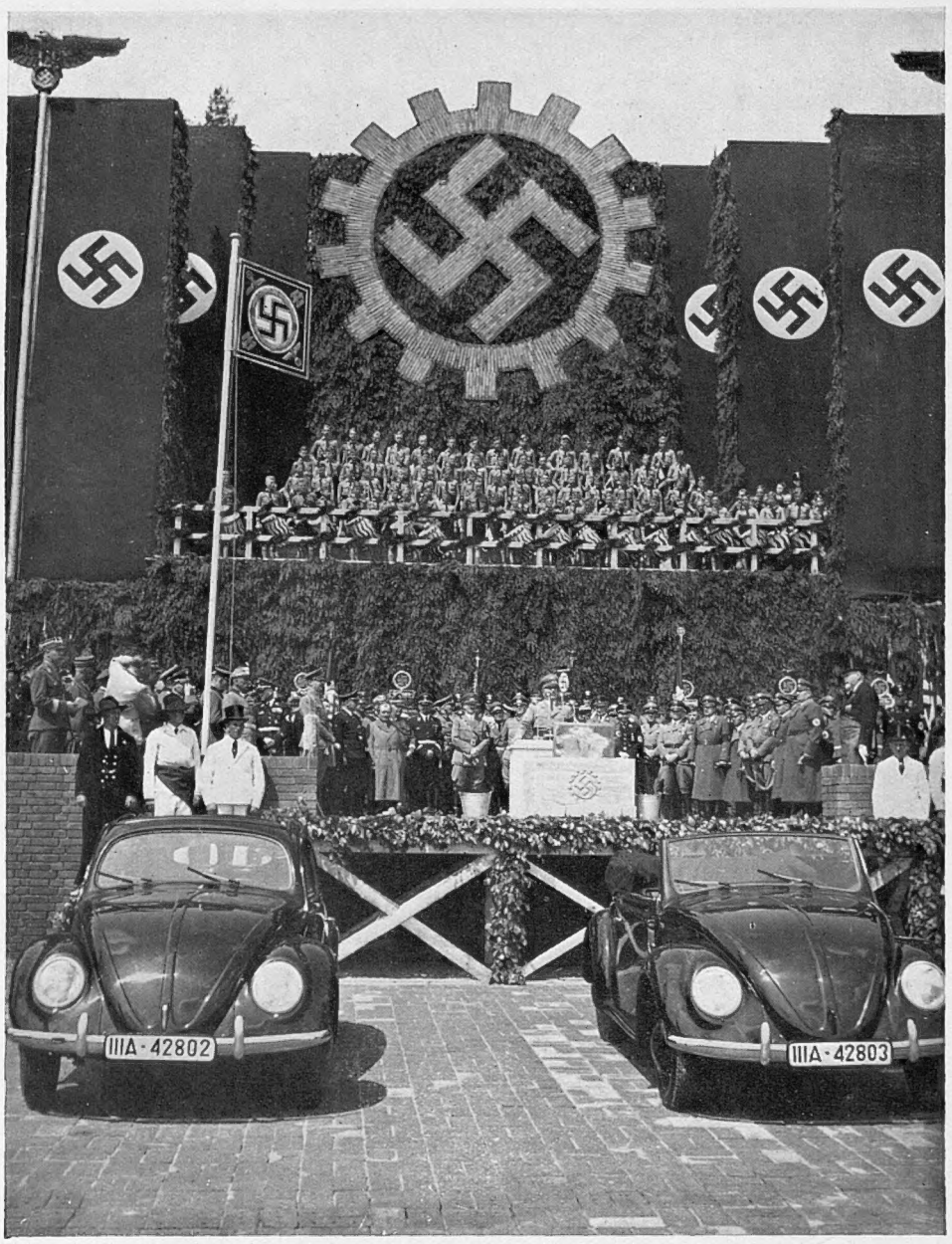
The Government never ceases to declare that our rearmament is a measure towards peace and that our sacrifices will have an end. Meanwhile we are continually being encouraged to bear without complaint and obstruction more and more inconveniences which the programme requires. I believe we should respond more willingly if we were assured that the authority which is planning and pressing forward rearmament and all the hateful things it entails, is planning (as in the last year of the Great War demobilisation was being planned) for the days when the nightmare will be over. Let us take a single instance. As one by one new beauty spots and haunts of peace are perforce destroyed and desecrated by new aerodromes and tank ranges, the public most concerned asks itself what guarantees exist that these areas will ever again be freed from the destructive elements which have ruined them. If we were convinced that the sites were "leased for the duration" and for the emergency and that those who equipped them planned as soon as possible to restore them to their former uses and to let nature repair their former amenities, how far more gladly we should accept the sacrifice. We can vividly remember how for years disused camps, crumbling trenches and rubbish dumps scarred the fair face of England after the war. The authorities now concerned with rearmament are entitled to expect the willing co-operation of the nation but fail to see the surest way to accomplish it. That way is to make practically clear the temporary nature of the emergency and to give guarantees by announcing their determination to repair as much of the damage entailed at the earliest possible moment, and to reduce to a minimum redundant aerodromes and ranges and camps when once more we return to a peace-time basis. Our common experience goes to show that what the Government and ministries take they seldom restore, be it taxes or beauty spots.

THE OLD STAGER

ASCENSION DAY IN THE CITY

Clergy and others singing on the steps of the Port of London Authority Building after processing from All Hallows Church in accordance with time-honoured custom

WORLD AFFAIRS

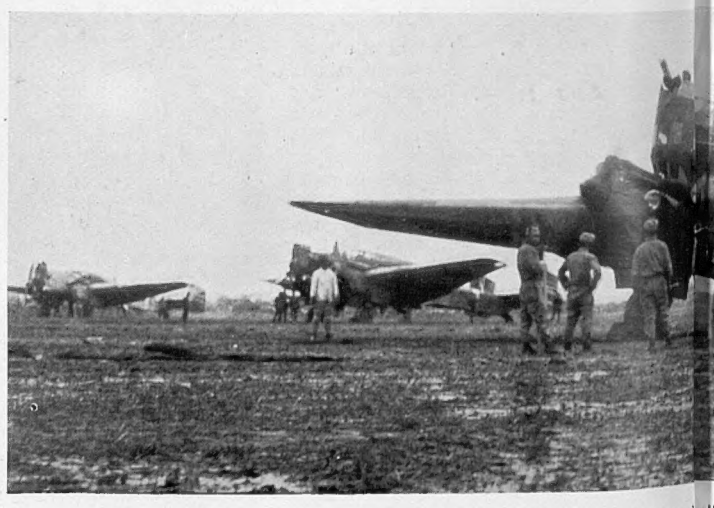


MOTORS FOR THE MILLION: The scene at Fallersleben, Brunswick, during the ceremony at which Herr Hitler laid the foundation-stone of a new factory which is to produce the "Strength Through Joy Motor Car"—a vehicle which it is hoped will do for the German people what the Ford did in America. The new car, experimental models of which are seen in foreground, will cost about £50

THE THIRTY-FOURTH WORLD EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN UDAPEST: Peasant folk, in their picturesque costumes, assembled in he Heroe Square for open-air mass. At least 500,000 pilgrims attend d the Con gress, and during an important speech at one of the sessi s Cardina Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, quoted part of a mess e recentl

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN PARIS: Princess Eugenia of Greece and Prince Domenic Radziwill of Poland posed for this picture with the bridal attendants following their marriage at St. Louis des Invalides. The bride is a daughter of Prince George of Greece, a niece of the late King Constantine, and a cousin of the Duchess of Kent. The bridegroom is the son of Prince Jerome Radziwill

THE DIAMOND RUSH IN SOUTH AFRICA: Diggers flocking up a hillside to the starting point where they drew for places in the line and then at a given signal, made a dash across country to peg claims in the new diamond area at Thorney Gulch, north-west of Kimberley. Those wh

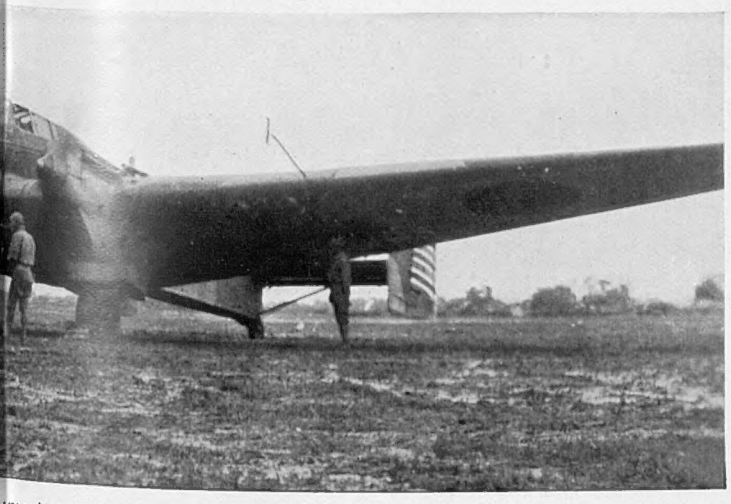


THE WAR IN NORTH CHINA: Japanese bombing planes being got ready to take off from Hwaiyuan to attack the Chinese guerilla troops harassing Japan's vital lines of communication. At the moment the

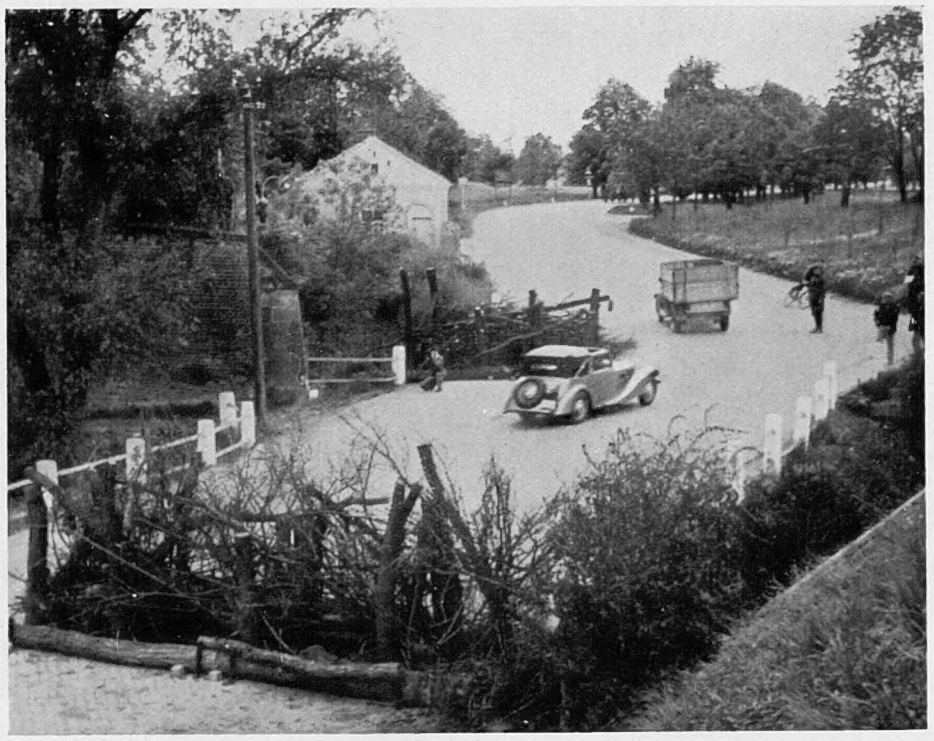
A PICTORIAL SURVEY

given by the ope to his counsellors: "I render thanks to God every day that I live in the sent circumstances," said His Holiness. "The depth and extent of the crisis unique in history. We must be proud that we are witnesses, and to some ext participators, in this drama. Good and evil are opposed to one another in the great struggle, and nobody has the right to remain neutral"

obtained the low numbers had less distance to run to reach what were considered the best claims. Over 1,000 men, for the most part "old hands" knowing the ropes, took part in the rush and the whole spectacle had all the flavour of the early days when Cecil Rhodes was first pioneering in Kimberley



invaders are meeting with rather more success than during the past two months, but there is considerable dissatisfaction in Tokyo, which has found expression in certain drastic changes in the Government and the higher command



CZECHOSLOVAKIAN ELECTION PRECAUTIONS: A barricade placed half across a road in North Bohemia. One of many measures taken by the military to preserve order when the people went to the polls last Sunday and it was anticipated trouble would arise between the Republican and the pro-Nazi elements. All was quiet, however, and Herr Henlein increased his following

A STRONG PROTEST TO GENERAL FRANCO was sent by the French Government after the bombing by insurgent planes of this and other buildings in Cerbere, the town just on the French side of the Franco-Spanish frontier. The raid is said to have been planned in order to cut the last remaining railway link between France and government-held Spain, through which considerable supplies of war material are known to have been sent of recent months

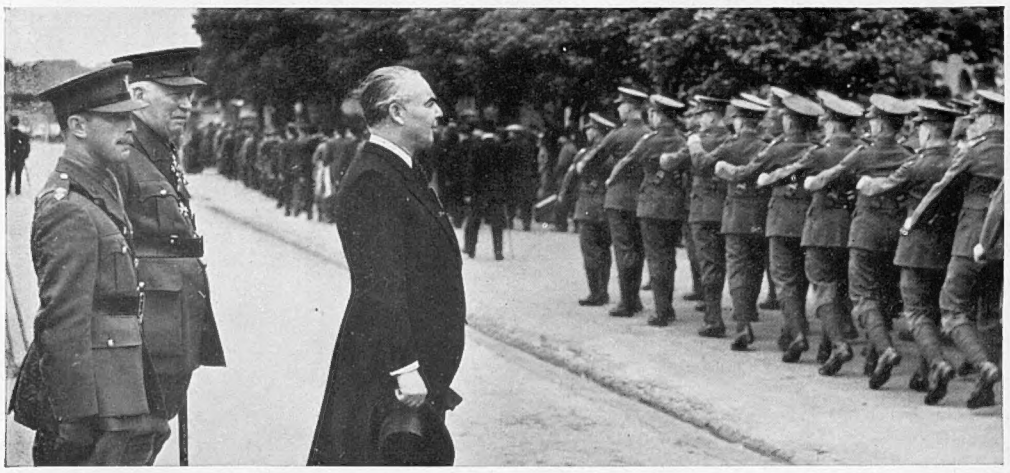
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR arriving for a Memorial Day service held at the American Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris. They have now given up the Château de la Maye at Versailles and on the eve of their departure for the south of France, where they are to spend the summer, they attended quite a round of farewell entertainments

THE WEEK AT HOME :

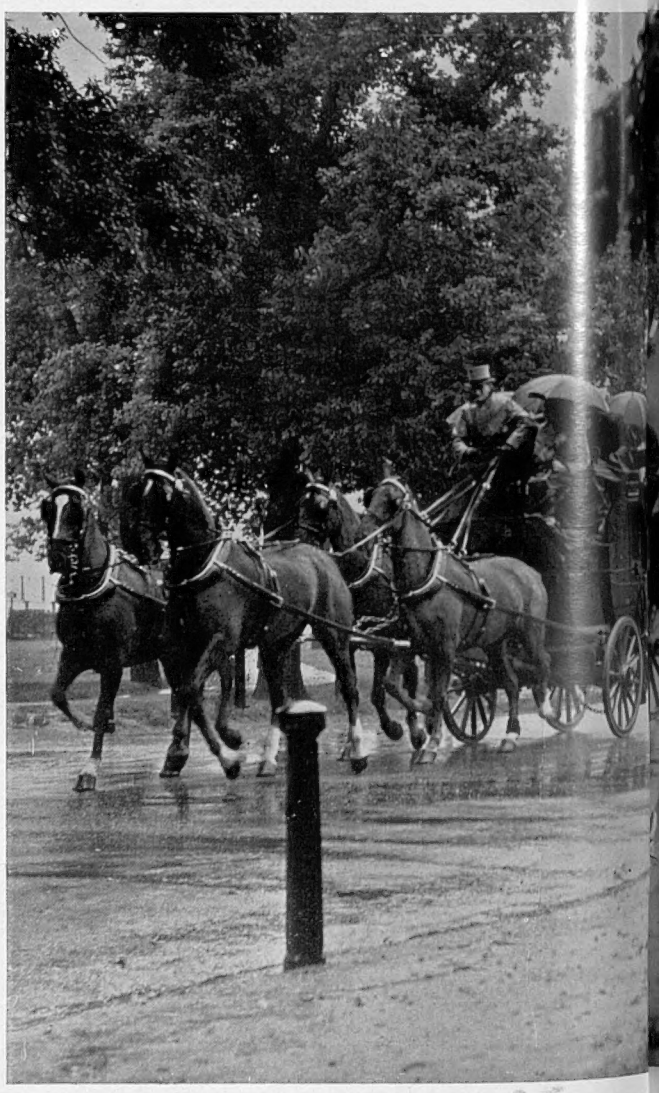
New Colours for the Grenadiers—Mr. Chamberlai and Union Co-operation—H.M.S. "Afridi" Runs He Trials—The Rain Comes Just in Time for the Farme

THE KING WITH THE GRENADIERS: His Majesty, in his capacity as Colonel-in-Chief, inspecting men of the 2nd Battalion before presenting them with new Colours at a ceremony in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, which was also attended by the Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret. As the old Colours were trooped for the last time the band played "Auld Lang Syne"

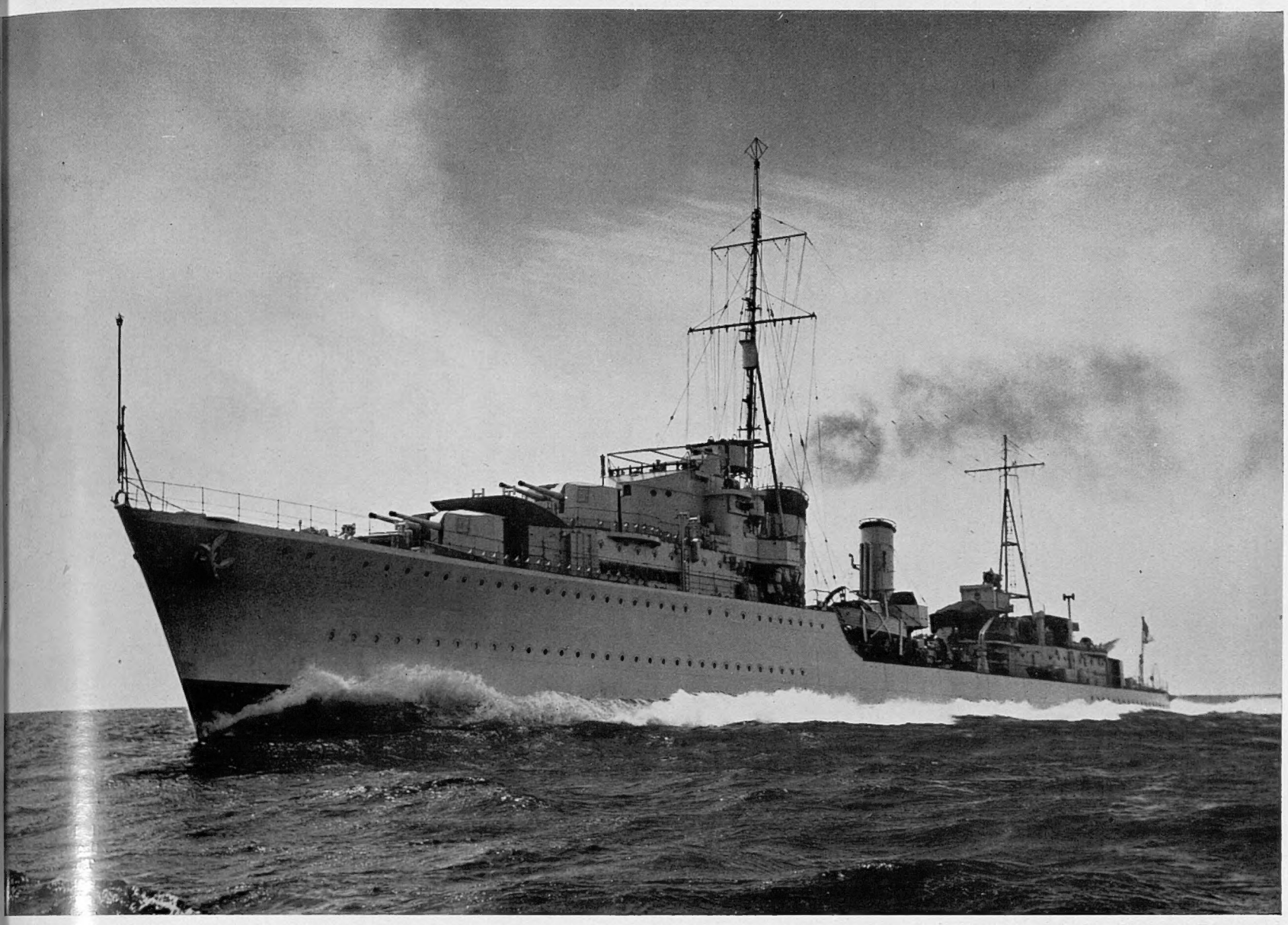
T.U.C. MEN AT No. 10: Members of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress in Downing Street before being received by the Prime Minister, who had a frank and informal discussion with them on questions relating to foreign and domestic policy. Mr. Chamberlain made plain in the course of the conversations the great importance of the co-operation of the unions in advancing rearmament



THE WAR MINISTER AT R.A.S.C. JUBILEE: Mr. Hore-Belisha watching the march-past of serving men and old comrades of the Royal Army Service Corps during last Sunday's parade at Aldershot, which was of special significance as the unit is now celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its formation. The Minister referred in a speech to the fact that mechanisation, with the accelerating speed it gives to armies, makes it necessary for the R.A.S.C. to think out the problems of supply all over again



CAME THE RAIN: The heavy downpour of last Sunday marred the Coaching Club's opening meet of the season at the Magazine in Hyde Park and the subsequent drive to Hurlingham, while only a handful of spectators turned up for the occasion. It was the wettest week-end of the year and went a long way towards bringing the



RE-BIRTH : THE TRIBALS: H.M.S. *Afridi*, the biggest and most heavily-armed destro[yer] ever built for the Royal Navy, has just completed her trials at Portland, and ha[s] left for the Mediterranean. She is the first of sixteen ships (all of which have n[ot] been launched) belonging to the second Tribal class. They each have a displacement of 1,850 tons, no fewer than eight 4·7-in. guns of an improved pattern, and far exceed in all-round fighting power the destroyers of any other navy. In them history is repeating itself, for in 1906-8 Britain laid down the first Tribal class, which outstripped all earlier types at a stride and was destined to win such distinction in the war

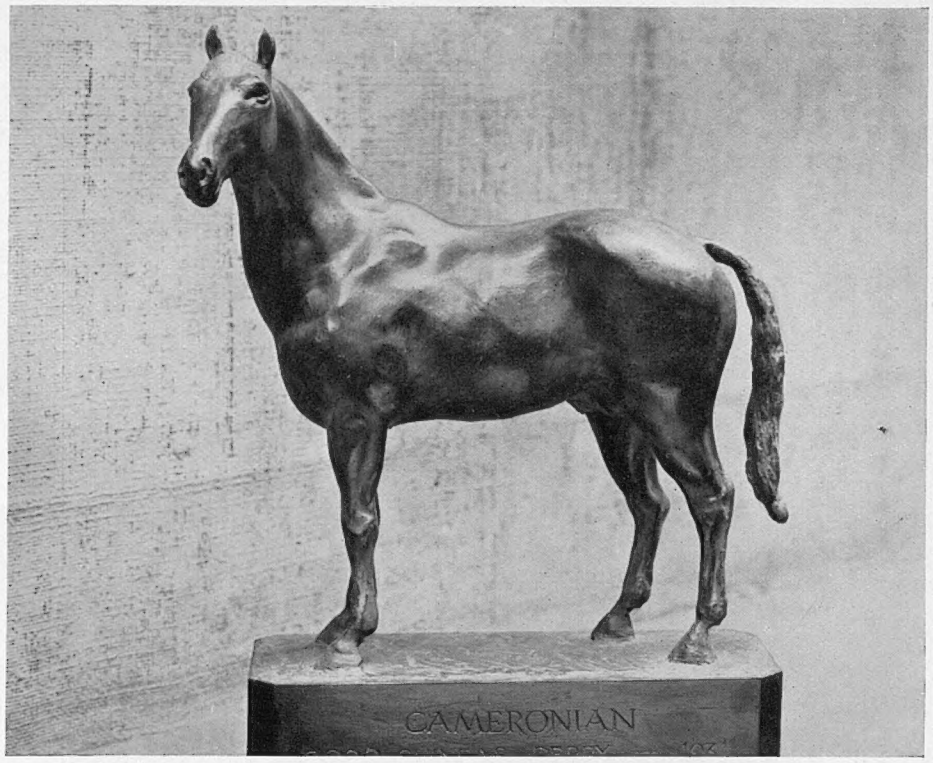
May rainfall up to average after a long period of unseasonable drought. It also brought relief to countless farmers and market gardeners whose crops were in imminent danger. The lack of grass for grazing or for hay has been a particularly serious feature in the Midlands, but it is believed that all may now be well

IT'S AN OLD OXFORD CUSTOM: Undergraduates participating in a free distribution of beer—an anciently-established annual event at Lincoln College. Among the eminent associates of this college was John Wesley, the bi-centenary of whose conversion was celebrated in the Methodist world last week with great fervour

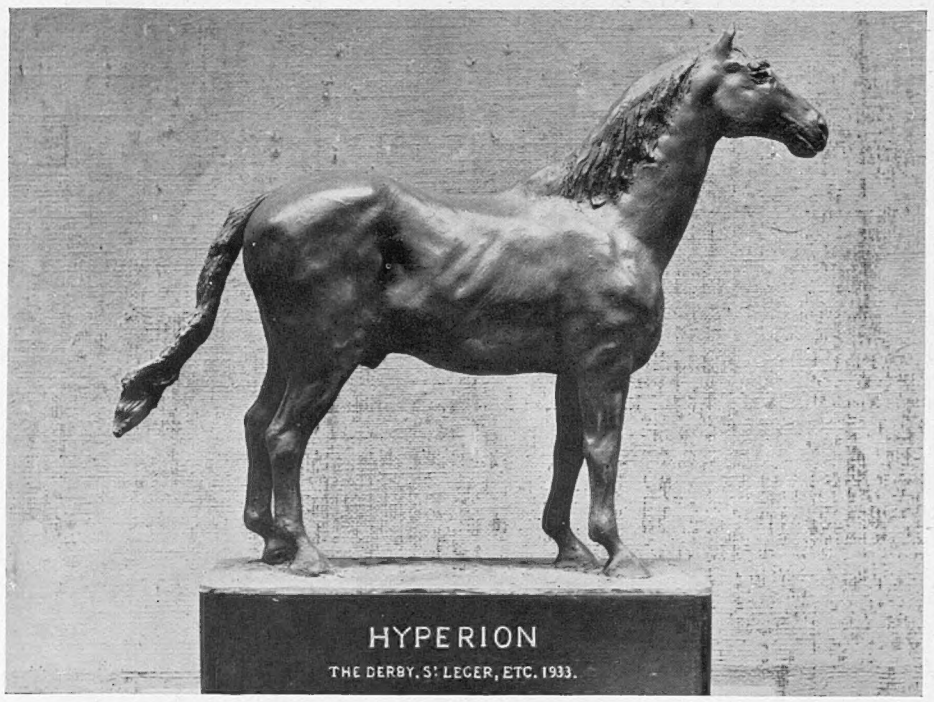
QUEUING IN BELGRAVE SQUARE: Would-be visitors to Germany lining up outside the German Passport Department where, as a result of the new regulations in the Reich, visas now have to be obtained before travellers leave this country. To begin with, there was not a little confusion over the matter and several parties of tourists, not knowing the position, have been turned back at the frontiers. The visa-issuing staff in Belgrave Square has been increased from two to eight and, even so, the task of coping with the rush has been formidable

MONARCHS OF THE RACECOURSE

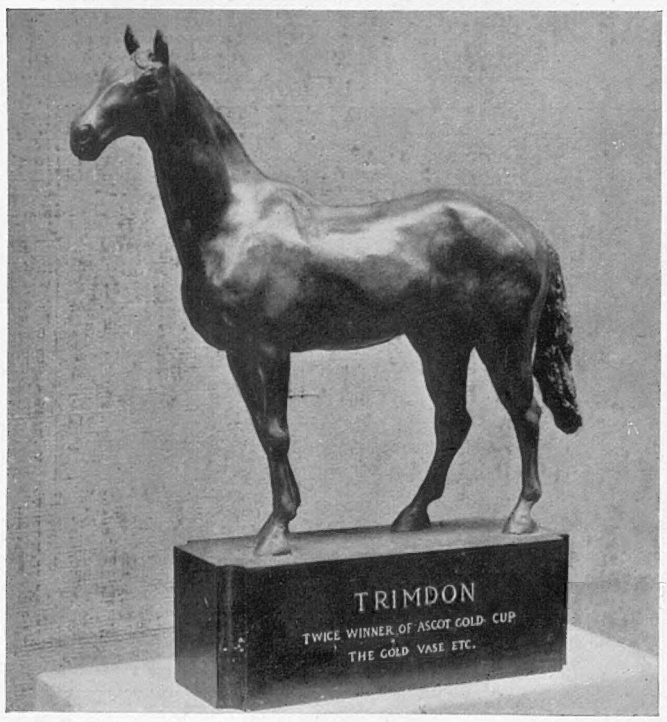
An Italian Sculptor's Impressions of Some Famous Thoroughbreds of Recent Years



MR. J. A. DEWAR'S CAMERONIAN: This sculpture of a Derby and 2,000 Guineas winner is included in the exhibition of famous racehorses now being held at a most appropriate moment at the Cooling Galleries, 92, New Bond Street, by the Marquis Calabrini. The sculptor has had a lifelong interest in horses, and his father was Master of the Horse to the King of Italy



LORD DERBY'S HYPERION: Another famed Derby winner sculptured by the Marquis Calabrini and included in his exhibition at the Cooling Galleries. Hyperion was one of the most popular winners of the great race in modern times, largely on account of the great esteem in which his owner is held by followers of the turf. For a successful classic horse he was extremely small



This week being Derby week, with sportsmen from all parts of the country forgathering in London, the opening of the Marquis Calabrini's exhibition of equine sculpture has come at an appropriate moment. The artist is a keen horseman and as an amateur rider has distinguished himself in Italy, winning a number of races on the flat. His exhibition includes many of the great horses of our day who have won renown on the turf, the studies in all cases being from life.

On left—
A CHAMPION STAYER: Marquis Calabrini's sculpture of Trimdon, twice winner of the Ascot Gold Cup and as such one of the finest long-distance horses of recent years

A WEST INDIAN CUSTOM: When a native moves from one village to another his friends and former neighbours turn out to help him shift his home

In the Troubled West Indies

The recent labour troubles in Jamaica, which it is to be hoped will soon be amicably settled and which have their origin in the low wages of the labourers, draw attention to conditions of native life there. The following note by a correspondent of THE SPHERE *is particularly interesting in this connection, revealing one facet of how men of slender means combine to help each other.*

HOUSING problems in the British West Indies are very acute. When a West Indian labourer removes from one part of his island to another, he cannot always rent a house in the particular village he wishes to go to because there are very few houses to let. The usual practice is for the man to build his own home on a piece of land which he rents from the planter for whom he works.

The house is a wooden erection, costing as little as possible, and built on piles. This ensures plentiful supply of cooling ventilation and an easy removal. For he does not wish to spend all his life in the employment of one planter.

When he decides to remove to another village he tells all his neighbours of his intention. On a certain day which is suitable to them they all meet at the house, and one of them brings a low-set truck. They set to work early and draw the piles out from one side of the house and push in the truck until it is right under the building. Then, by carefully drawing out the other piles, they lower the entire house on to the carrier.

Now the long journey begins. Everyone who is helping knows he will not be paid for his labours; their "employer" is too poor for that. But this is the custom of the West Indies, and not one of them would dream of asking for payment.

By means of ropes fastened to the truck or the house they drag it to the new site. While on the road everyone joins in with a chant. The chorus is usually "Not so far to go." A loud and husky soloist will render his best for them, and the song may go like this:—

I goes fo' ma mammy,
(CHORUS) Not so far to go.

An' she fight wid ma daddy,
(CHORUS) Not so far to go.

Keeping up this chant they will move a house for miles. In the instance pictured above, 9 miles were covered before the new site was reached. Once they arrive, it does not take long to put the house up on its new piles, for the new neighbours join in and help too.

A WOMAN OF JAMAICA: A striking West Indian type on her way to market

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S CONSCRIPT ARMY

An Intensively Trained Citizen Force 180,000 Strong and Now Largely Mechanised

IN FULL MARCHING ORDER: Czechoslovakian infantrymen in steel helmets and with rifles slung. The Republican army's peace strength is 180,000 men, but, owing to conscription, the greater part of the male population from the ages of seventeen to sixty may be said to have a sound knowledge of military duties and to be fully ready for speedy mobilisation

A WATCHING BRIEF: A colonel of infantry watching "enemy" movements through a telescope during manœuvres. Czechoslovakia has twelve infantry divisions and eleven regiments of cavalry

DISPATCH RIDER: A pedal cyclist in full war equipment. His steel helmet, it will be noted, is of a rather unfamiliar pattern, being more rounded than those employed in most European armies

ARTILLERY ON MANŒUVRES: A Czechoslovakian field-gun battery. The horse is still used to a certain extent, as in some parts of the country fully mechanised units would be at a tactical disadvantage owing to the nature of the terrain. At the same time many batteries are completely mechanised, large sums of money, raised under the defence loans of 1936 and 1937, being devoted to effecting the change. Pictures showing developments in this direction appeared in "The Sphere" of October 9 last

DRAWN UP FOR ACTION: Czechoslovakian field guns of modern type. The Republic produces all its own armaments and has lately extended the number of its factories. Formerly nearly all the work was done by the Skoda concern in Pilsen, but now several vital departments have been transferred to other regions so that in time of war enemy bombers could not halt production at one stroke

MAKING THE MOST OF INADEQUATE COVER: Infantrymen advancing across open terrain during manœuvres. An exercise provided by those in charge of the manœuvres to give the men a practical lesson in how to take advantage of even the slightest alteration in the elevation of the ground

OUTSPANNED: Czechoslovakian troops halted near the side of a road during manœuvres. The army is constantly engaged upon intensive exercises, as it is necessary that each man in his two years of training should gain as much experience as possible in conditions approaching those of active service

b

THE HISTORIED ELYSÉE PALACE

Where Our King and Queen will Dine with President Lebrun during Their State Visit to France : A Place with a Stirring Past

A BANQUET AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE: The magnificent State dining-room where the King and Queen will be entertained by the French President during their forthcoming visit to France. *On right*—The spacious Salle des Fêtes

ONE of the most notable entertainments given in Paris for many years past will be the banquet offered by the President of the Republic and Madame Lebrun to the King and Queen of England during their visit to France.

History is made quickly in France, and in the space of 230 years the Palais de l'Elysée has seen many changes. The site on which it stands was given at the request of the Regent by Louis XV to Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Comte d'Evreux. He had what now forms the main central part of the Palais de l'Elysée, built by Mollet in 1718. In 1754 it was bought by Madame de Pompadour. She lent it to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, after whom was named the avenue Marigny bordering the west side of the palace. When she died in 1764 she left it to Louis XV who used it first as a residence for visiting ambassadors and then as a national furniture depository. In 1773 it was acquired by the famous Abbé Terray, Controller of Finances under Louis XV. He sold it to Beaujon, a banker, who had considerable improvements made by the architect Boullée.

In 1786 it was bought back by the Crown, but sold by Louis XVI two years later to the Duchesse de Bourbon. In 1793, under the Revolution, it became a gaming house and pleasure haunt. In 1803 it was given by Napoleon to his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat, who, when he left to become King of Naples in 1808, returned it to the royal domain. The Empress Josephine took up her abode there. Napoleon also visited the palace from time to time when he was tired of the bustle and etiquette of the Tuileries. At that period it was almost a country residence. Now it is so much in the heart of Paris that already in 1914 a project was under consideration to evacuate the houses opposite in the faubourg Saint Honoré, and make an adequate garden on the north side of the palace. Owing to changed values this project has never been realised.

After the battle of Waterloo Napoleon returned to the Elysée on June 21, 1815. The following day he signed there his abdication in favour of his son.

Tsar Nicholas I of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Duke of Wellington all stayed at the palace. Also the Duc and Duchesse de Berri. But after the former was assassinated by Louvel in 1820 the Elysée remained empty until 1832.

In 1848, after the flight of Louis Philippe, it became known as the Hôtel de la Présidence. It was here that Louis Napoleon hatched the plot that was to put him on the throne as Napoleon III on December 2, 1851. After becoming Emperor he moved to the Tuileries. While he was engaged, his fiancée, Mlle Eugénie de Montijo, lived at the Elysée until after their marriage.

In 1855 the architect Lacroix erected the one storey building, surmounted by an attic floor and stone balustrade, that forms the frontage on the faubourg Saint Honoré. In the centre of this is the main gateway in the form of an Arc de Triomphe with groups of Corinthian pillars on either side. It leads into the courtyard in front of the palace. Here takes place every morning at 10.30 the changing of the guard furnished by the Garde Républicaine.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY: The little Chateau de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, where there will be a reception in honour of the King and Queen, was built in one month in the year 1777 for the Count of Artois (later Charles X of France) in consequence of a wager with Marie Antoinette

The palace was restored, enlarged and improved under Napoleon III, and in 1865 the rejuvenated building was inaugurated. For the duration of the Universal Exhibition of 1867 it was used as a residence for visiting royalties. Among these were Tsar Alexander II of Russia, Sultan Abdul Azis, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King Oscar of Sweden and his sister, Queen Sophie of Holland, with her son, the Prince of Orange. In July, 1870, the Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pacha, closed the list of royal guests. During the siege of Paris Ernest Picard made the Elysée the headquarters of the Etat Major of the Garde Nationale, and part of it was reserved for the service of first-aid to the wounded.

RENOVATED FOR THE ROYAL VISITORS: The Gare du Bois de Boulogne, a pleasantly situated little station, which has for some time past been unused, is being specially re-opened and decorated so that the King and Queen may alight there when they arrive in Paris, thus avoiding one of the big and noisy termini

In the riots of the Commune in 1871, owing to the presence of mind of the curator, M. Gourlet, the Elysée remained undamaged. The insurgents were ordered to occupy only the posts held by the military guard. M. Gourlet improvised seals whose authenticity was undoubted, and the rest of the palace, with its valuable art treasures sheltered only by a frail band of linen, was saved from pillage and arson.

Only since 1873 when Maréchal de MacMahon gave a splendid fête there for the Shah of Persia, did the Elysée become officially and continuously the residence of the Presidents of the Third French Republic.

Of the many brilliant receptions that have been given there, that being organised for the entertainment of Their Majesties in June will outrival all others in splendour. Two hundred and fifty guests will sit down to dinner at a great horseshoe table. They will include all the Foreign Ambassadors to France and their wives and the members of the French Government and their wives.

The King and Queen will arrive at the north entrance in the faubourg Saint Honoré, going up the steps into the vestibule. On the left of this is a staircase with a remarkably ornate balustrade in a design of gilded palm leaves. This was executed by Percier and Fontaine, the architects of Napoleon I. Always decorated with flowers, this vestibule contains two magnificent candelabra and two vases in porphyry of Sarreguemines.

Their Majesties will pass through the Salon des Tapisseries in which is a remarkable collection of Gobelins tapestries depicting the life of Scipio. This room contains a unique Louis XVI pier glass in a frame of mahogany and gilded bronze. Into this the ladies invited to the Elysée take a last glance to see that everything is in order before being announced. The late Maréchal Lyautey, who was a great dandy, always paused before it to give his beautiful white moustache a final twist.

From the Salon des Tapisseries the King and Queen will enter the Salon des Aides de Camp. Here the civil and military households of the President of the Republic, as well as members of their own suite, will be awaiting them. In this room Louis Napoleon gave his famous reception the night before bringing off the coup d'état that made him Emperor.

In the next room, the Salon des Ambassadeurs, President and Madame Lebrun will be waiting to receive the King and Queen.

The whole decoration of the room is Louis XV with white and gold panelling. There is a wonderful carpet of royal Savonnerie in delicate pastel colouring. The furniture is covered with Beauvais tapestry, flowers in every shade of rose and gold on a pale coffee-coloured ground. Just the colour scheme to form a charming background for the lovely dresses and brilliant uniforms that will be worn. The great gilt and rock crystal chandelier is one of the finest in the palace. On the marble mantelpiece is a Louis XVI clock with candelabra to match in white marble and gilded bronze.

Beyond this room is the Salon de l'Hemicycle, so called because of the rounded alcove in the north wall. This was formerly the Salon de Parade of Madame de Pompadour. The alcove is covered by a Gobelins tapestry that is the most valuable possession of the Elysée. Made for Louis XIV, it bears the royal arms of France in the upper border. It represents the Judgment of Paris. Madame de Maintenon, who afterwards married Louis XIV, recognised herself in the features of the goddess Minerva, standing on the right hand of Paris, so she caused the three goddesses in the central group,

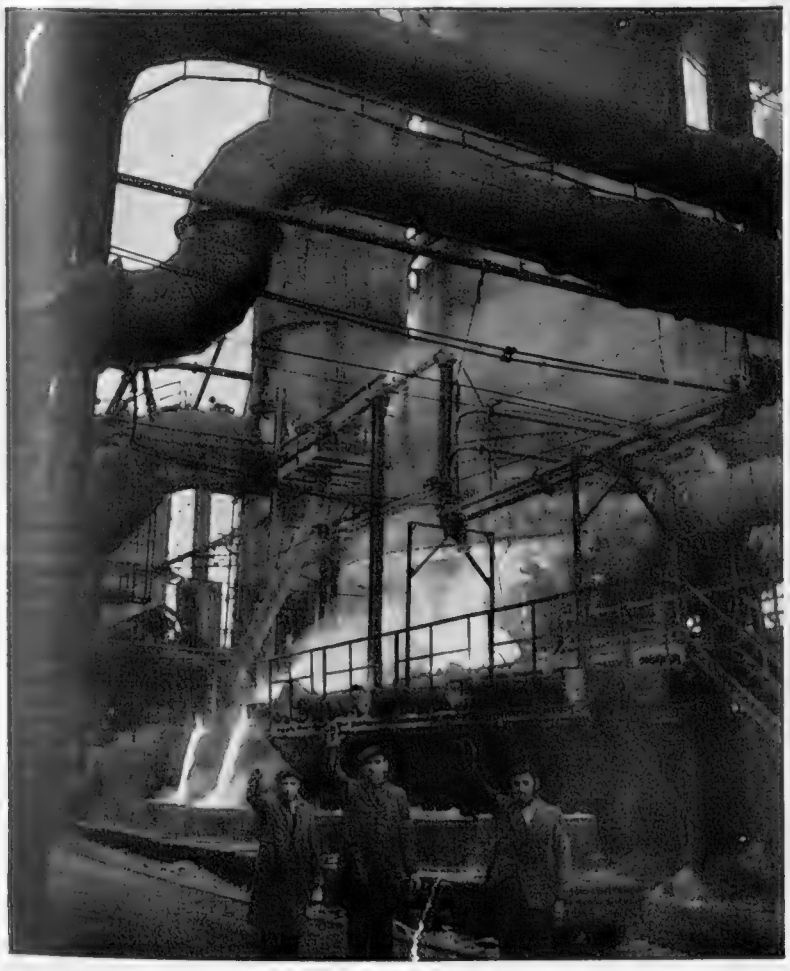
(*Continued on page 532*)

BEHIND THE LINES IN FRANCO'S SPAIN

The Tide of Commercial Life Returns—Rebuilding in Insurgent Territory

BUSY DAYS IN THE PORT OF SEVILLE: Loading peat on to one of the steamers on the Guadalquivir, which at this point, seventy miles from the sea, is navigable for vessels up to 3,000 tons. Seville is doing a flourishing trade these days and her citizens, remote from the battle-fronts of Madrid, Aragon, and Catalonia, see little evidence of the war

FACTORY AND OFFICE: *Left*—Employees giving the Fascist salute when on the way to start the day's work at a new factory. *Right*—A typical headquarters—there is one in every town—of the Falangist organisation which, among other things, is placed in charge of reconstruction work throughout Franco's territory



IN THE REALM OF SOCIAL REFORM: Men engaged in fitting out a new children's clinic, one of many such institutions built by General Franco's government under his state re-planning scheme which he has for some time past been putting into practice throughout the conquered territory

AMID THE RUINS OF WAR: Farming folk in a shell-scarred market place. The two fat pigs certainly give no indication of war-time rationing. *On left*—A blast-furnace in action in insurgent territory, where many men have now returned from the army to civil life and are engaged in helping to re-start peace-time industry. Franco, regarding victory as a certainty, is anxious to restore normality without delay

THE CRITICS AND RE

Attacks Not Fully Justified in the light of the Air Ministry's

REPUTED THE WORLD'S FASTEST BOMBERS: Bristol Blenheims in flight. Only one of a number of bomber types being built under the Air Ministry's expansion scheme, which has been much criticised in some quarters on the ground that there is not sufficient standardisation and, as a result, production has lagged

A GIANT OF THE BOMBER CLAS of aerial rearmament, and, as t Ministry, in the interests of spee

IN A WORLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS: An Anson monoplane of No. 206 Squadron and in the background Vildebeest torpedo bombers of No. 22 Squadron. The Anson has a retractable undercarriage and at first consideration it would seem that such a device should be standard throughout the service. That it is not standardised is explained by the fact that in war a chance shot might put the mechanism out of action, thus causing almost certain destruction of the plane on landing

CAPABLE OF OVER 300 M.P.H.: The Hawker Hurricane fighter, seen nearest the camera, is a model in skilful streamlining and bears a close resemblance to the Hawker Henley light bomber seen in the background

EXTENSIVE criticism has been levelled against the Air Ministry in the past few weeks with regard to its general R.A.F expansion policy. This criticism has touched many aspects of our aerial defence, offence, reserve and production organisation. Some of it has been justified in varying degrees, but much was not only unjustified, but dead before it left the ignorant oracle's mouth.

A hundred and one compromises have to be effected with almost every aviation decision. To take the design of an aeroplane as an example. The very essence of aircraft design is compromise. The higher the top speed, the higher the landing speed, with its attendant disadvantages of long take-off run and difficult operation. The lower the landing speed, the lower the top speed. The longer the range, the less useful load-carrying capacity. The heavier the useful load that can be carried, the less petrol and therefore the less range. The more refinements leading to better performance, the more difficult to build—and so on. Each problem must be considered from a whole variety of angles before the mean efficiency can finally be settled on. It is therefore an easy matter for a critic to argue that a compromise has been effected in a wrong proportion.

One of the outstanding criticisms that have emerged from the many discussions has been directed against the number of types of aircraft that are in the R.A.F. all designed to do the same job. There may be six different types of heavy bomber and as many different types of fighter. The disadvantages of this are the same as those attending any project which lacks standardisation and need not be enumerated here. But what are overlooked are the detail advantages which go with deliberate, planned multiplicity of aircraft types. In suggesting these facts, I do not imply that the present situation in this respect is not worthy of criticism. It is. But there are strong arguments in favour of avoiding complete standardisation of types.

Three British aircraft factories have on order at this time many, many hundreds of a certain type of bomber.

ARMAMENT IN THE AIR

Problems of Production and Design—the Need for Many Types

This monster Whitley machine has its own particular function in the scheme manufacture, to standardise this or any type to the exclusion of others

TWIN-ENGINED OXFORDS IN FLIGHT: Yet another type of bomber now being built for the Royal Air Force under the expansion programme. A notable feature is the central gun turret which can be withdrawn into the fuselage

BIPLANE FIGHTERS ARE STILL BEING BUILT by the Air Ministry because, although considerably slower than the monoplanes, they are infinitely more handy and hence better suited to aerial duelling

In its class it ranks finer than the finest in service with any other air arm, being quite exceptionally fast. In order to attain its speed and carry a useful load of bombs, its range had to be limited to one that just does not permit it to fly to Berlin and back.

Scathing criticism has been applied to the Air Ministry for their alleged stupidity in ordering so many of these machines which, in every respect other than the foregoing, are magnificent aircraft. What those critics have not realised is that a future war will not imply solely raids on distant capitals from bases in this country. There will therefore be very great advantages in a type of machine which can carry out raids on slightly less distant objectives but with superior performance to those specifically designed for long-range work. These latter, as already explained, will not be so suited for shorter-range work.

In other words, although speed is of great importance in military operations, it costs sacrifices in other directions, and a supply of machines has to be available to cover those other considerations. Here, then, is justification for duplication of bomber types—at any rate in principle. Large bombers capable of carrying a heavy load of bombs at a necessarily slower speed than the slightly smaller bombers capable of much faster speed but unable to fly the same range.

To take the argument a step further, let us examine these machines in more detail. One of the devices now incorporated in modern aircraft is the retractable undercarriage. By tucking the wheels into the wings when in flight the resistance of the machine to the air is reduced, resulting in a substantial increase in speed. At first sight it would appear that all military aircraft should be equipped with this device, but there are very good reasons against it. The mechanical operation of such undercarriages is an intricate one and lays itself open to failure. This is a risk not worth considering under normal conditions, but under war conditions it may result in a whole bomber being wrecked on landing because of a single stray bullet striking a vital part of the mechanism.

Further, the construction of machines fitted with retractable undercarriages is not nearly as simple as those without, and this is a potent factor in war production when every possible effort must be made to turn machines out at such a rate as will allow for 90 per cent. casualties per month, the figure estimated by experts as being likely.

To turn from bombers to fighters. Why should not all the fighting squadrons of the R.A.F. be equipped with the latest 330-miles-an-hour monoplane fighters?

(Continued on next page)

HAWKER HURRICANES IN CLOSE FORMATION when showing their paces to members of the Parliamentary Air Committee at Northolt. For sheer speed they are unsurpassed, but they have nothing like the manœuvrability of our biplane fighters. One Hurricane, it may be remembered, has flown from Edinburgh to London in 48 mins. with the help of a 60 m.p.h. following wind

REARMAMENT IN THE AIR

(*Continued from previous page*)

Why are there still being built biplane fighters with a top speed which does not approach this figure? The reason is that although the monoplanes are faster, their very speed makes them much less manœuvrable and there is a very definite place for the more manœuvrable machine. The smaller wing span of the biplane gives it a handiness that is lacking in the faster single-wing machine. The war in Spain has given ample proof that there is room for both types in an air arm. The Russian, French, and American fighters of the Government air force have almost all been monoplanes, whereas the Germans and Italians on the Nationalist side have favoured biplanes.

This brief review of a complex subject may serve to show that indiscriminate criticism in favour of uniformity of aircraft types is misplaced. What must be avoided—and Lord Swinton, long before he resigned, laid the plans which will lead to this avoidance—is the construction by a number of different aircraft companies of machines with similar performances and incorporating similar devices in their make-up. That does lead to complications and expense regarding both construction and, more especially, the supply of spares. But even this cannot be avoided altogether. The policy of the Government of selecting new machines from the drawing board in order to save time by not waiting for prototype trials involves risks, and these risks can be reduced for any particular category of aircraft by the selection of two types where the ideal might be one.

Regarding a future war in the air there are many questions which arise in the course of a discussion on the subject, and the following questionnaire, with accompanying answers, deals with some of the many possibilities of such a conflict.

(1) *For what exact purpose is the big, heavy bomber built; is it to bomb vital parts of big cities?*

Offence in the air is the only really satisfactory means of defence—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth principle. Heavy bombers are therefore built primarily to scare a prospective enemy into *not being* an enemy. If, however, war comes (due to the enemy thinking they have more and better bombers than we have) then heavy bombers will raid primarily cities and industrial areas. We aim for parity with any leading European power.

(2) *Are German cities farther from Britain than German aerodromes?*

Yes. Germany has a considerable advantage over Great Britain because of this.

(3) *At what moment would big bombers set out to attack enemy aerodromes? Would it be on the same evening as London was attacked?*

Probably immediately hostilities were known to have broken out and before enemy bombers arrived perhaps.

(4) *If a big attack came over Suffolk and Essex against London, would our bombers slip quietly away over Kent for enemy aerodromes—a longer course round, but would they try it?*

Raids on the enemy will be quite independent of raids on us.

(5) *Is it correct that only the western fringe of Europe can be successfully bombed by British machines?*

We already have bombers that can get deep into Europe and back, and in two years we should have thousands of them in first line and reserve. And remember that Great Britain is sure to have air bases in Belgium, Holland or France, where we would station some of our bombers.

(6) *Any massed attack by heavy bombers on central capitals would be too difficult of accomplishment to count upon with certainty?*

The Air Staffs will count a great deal on massed *night* raids on capitals carried out at 25,000 feet.

(7) *Can a bomber fight a bomber if they should meet on the way home?*

Bombers will always fly in formation, and a formation would never engage another formation, but ignore them. The enemy would do likewise. The few stray individual bombers are likely to do the same.

N. T.

Still further light on the whole subject of a future air war is to be found in Mr. Jonathan Griffin's new book, *Glass Houses and Modern War* (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.) in which he refers to Britain as the "most tempting target in Europe." One particularly interesting passage relates to balloon barrages. Here the author writes:—

"In 1917–18, although the British balloon 'aprons' brought down not a single bomber, yet a German officer reported that 'if they were increased and improved much more they would make a raid on London almost impossible.' The balloon barrages now possible are a real danger; they are likely therefore to confine raids altogether to clear days and moonlit nights. If they do, then by that alone they will not only have nearly halved the volume of raids in a given time (and so nearly halved an attacker's chances of a quick victory), they will also have made the likely losses of the raider much greater."

SEEKING A CURE FOR AEROPLANE FIRES: An experiment in progress at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, where an attempt is being made to improve methods of jettisoning fuel which, it seems, have led to several disasters through the petrol becoming ignited on entering the air stream. For the purpose of the experiment petrol was blown over part of an aeroplane's tail which was placed in line with a wind tunnel. Immediately it made contact with the surface it caught alight. The best way to avoid this, it is now thought, is by using the blast of the motors to put out the flame

PUZZLE *of the* SKIES

Why Does Petrol Ignite When Dumped from a Plane?

A CURIOUS and unexpected problem has suddenly confronted designers of long-range aircraft. What was always thought a perfectly reasonable safety expedient, the jettisoning of fuel before making a forced landing, has been proved by two recent accidents to be highly dangerous. The problem presents a puzzle that must be solved soon because the ability to jettison fuel in an emergency is an important factor in long-range trans-ocean flying.

A flying-boat takes off on an Atlantic flight very heavily loaded with fuel and payload. For its take-off under these difficult conditions a sheltered harbour with a smooth water surface is chosen so that the hull is subject to a minimum strain. Supposing after a few hours, when it is still very heavily loaded, something goes wrong and the pilot is forced to alight, he must do so on the open sea where the wavelets of the harbour are replaced by a heavy swell.

Unless he can lighten his load before touching the surface of the sea, the swell will stave in the fragile hull when it hits at anything up to 90 m.p.h. Little hope of survival for the crew can result from such an alighting. Designers of long-range craft have visualised this and have until recently provided a means of circumventing it. They have simply arranged for a rip panel in the bottom of the petrol tanks to be pulled in an emergency by the pilot. When this was done the petrol presumably would swiftly escape into the air stream and the machine's load immediately lighten.

In some cases, designers incorporated refinements in this rough and ready system which were considered to be perfectly adequate until the disastrous accident to Pan-American Airways flying-boat, the *Samoan Clipper*. This fine machine was on the inaugural New Zealand — San Francisco trip early in January and its pilot was Edwin Musick, the most famous and most experienced of all trans-ocean flyers. He developed engine trouble when still with a very heavy load of petrol aboard. His last radio message to the world was that he was jettisoning his petrol before making a forced landing on the sea. Nothing more was heard of the machine until small fragments were picked up by a searching ship. These fragments proved beyond all shadow of doubt that the great machine had been blown to pieces in the air.

Theorists who ascribed the accident to the jettisoning of the petrol were acknowledged to be right when a week or so later an Italian, Stoppani, was forced down while crossing the South Atlantic. He, too, jettisoned his petrol in order to lighten his load and thus make a safe contact with the sea more probable, and his machine suffered disaster, but in a slightly different way to the *Samoan Clipper*. It caught fire in the air and all the members of the crew except Stoppani perished in the flames before a ship could come up and rescue them.

Though it is now known that the sudden release of petrol into the air stream is highly dangerous, the cause of the danger is merely a matter for conjecture.

The puzzle will remain until it is determined just what is the chemical reaction when petrol is suddenly released into a 150-mile-an-hour air stream, not only in normal weather conditions, but also when the air is charged with static electricity.

N. T.

FOR THE AERIAL DUELLIST: A gunner in one of the new power-operated gun turrets now being fitted to British fighter aeroplanes. The turret is raised, lowered, or swung laterally merely by the turning of a handle and greatly increases the speed with which the gunner can train his weapon on the enemy. The turret also has an armoured shield giving its occupant a degree of protection hitherto unknown. The first machine to be equipped in this way is the Hawker Demon two-seater

HUNTERS OF THE STRICKLAND RIVER: These sparsely-clad folk, of whom so little has up to now been known, were pictured by Mr. Jack Hides, the explorer, on his last trip up the Fly and Strickland rivers to the New Guinea hinterland. The head-hunters are skilled in the use of the bow, and the man depicted about to shoot had no difficulty in winging his arrow to the opposite bank

STILL LIVING IN THE STONE AGE: Juha natives of the New Guinea hinterland ...no wear abdominal armour made of bark and leaves across their foreheads as ...sign of peace and goodwill. Another picture brought back by Mr. Jack Hides, ...e Australian explorer, from his last expedition, during which he endured many ...rdships and showed heroism in carrying his sick companion, Mr. David Lyall, ...ck to civilisation. The effort was in vain, as Mr. Lyall died shortly afterwards

CANOEING ON THE STRICKLAND: A party of natives drawing alongside a boat on the lower reaches of the river which runs right into the very heart of New Guinea and along the banks of which live some of the most primitive tribes in the whole territory, many of them, indeed, still belonging to the Stone Age

PRIMITIVE NEW GUINEA TYPES

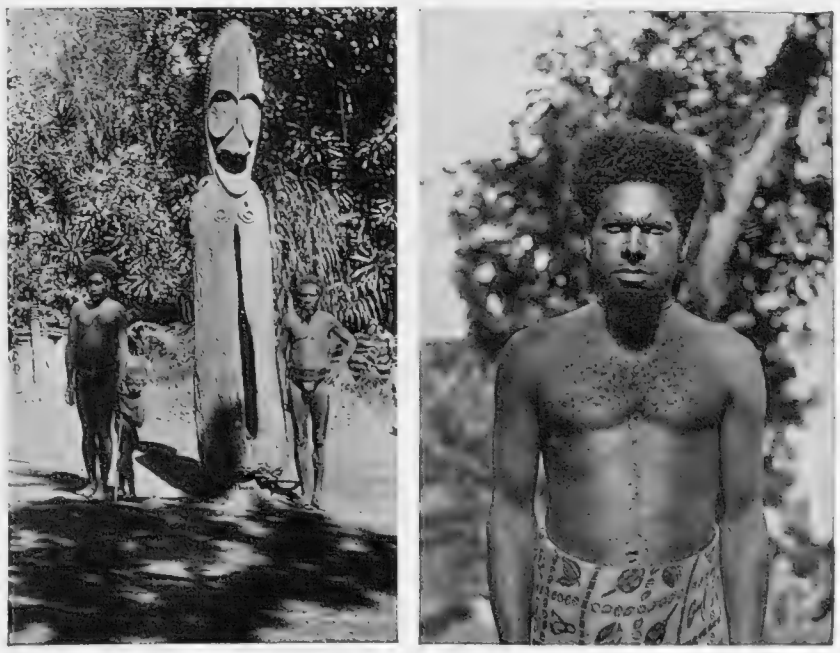
Dwellers in the Little-known Strickland River Region

THE PEOPLE OF NEW HEBRIDES

A Pacific Island Group where Cannibalism still Survives

PRIMITIVES OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC: Frizzy-haired Melanesians of Atchin Island, New Hebrides group, seen in one of their frail, rudely constructed canoes. The Atchinese and their neighbours, the Malekulans, belong to the least civilised communities in the New Hebrides, where cannibalism still survives, and their cruelty to women and treachery are well known. Of late mission influence has improved conditions

YOUTH AND MATURITY: *Left*—The flute played by this boy of Ambrym, another island in the New Hebrides group, consists of a bamboo closed at one end and with two holes over which the thumbs are placed. The sound is like that of an ordinary flute and some skill is quite often shown in playing. *Right*—A type of native hunter on the island of Malekula, where cannibalism is still practised to a certain extent. The ambition of every Malekulan is to own a musket which, when he acquires it, he usually carries with him wherever he goes and uses all too frequently. Murder is a commonplace on the island and the tribes are slowly exterminating themselves



TRIBESMEN OF AMBRYM: *Left*—Two adults and a boy standing beside a carved and hollowed-out tree-trunk. *Right*—A striking male type of this island, where the men are of splendid physique and also bear decided facial evidence of Semitic origin

The New Hebrides group, lying roughly 500 miles west of Fiji and covering a land area of 5,700 sq. miles, is under the joint administration of English and French officials under a convention signed in 1906. From an ethnological viewpoint the native types are of deep interest to the student. The people are backward in the extreme, those living on Malekula being cannibals to this day

SURFACE MINING: A gigantic scoop in the "blue earth" diggings near Palmnicken, East Prussia, where a vast proportion of the world's supply of amber is obtained, some from open works, as depicted here, some underground, and some from the sea. The nodules obtained by the scoop have to be freed from their opaque crust, this being done in revolving barrels containing sand and water

HARVEST OF THE SEA: Men engaged in fishing for amber off the Baltic coast, using for the purpose special nets with long poles. By this means they bring in vast quantities of seaweed and often entangled in it is a fair proportion of amber. Though it has lost its crust the amber has a rough surface caused by the waves

POLISHING ROUGH AMBER: Preparing the much prized fossil resin for market. Amber, in addition to its aesthetic value for purposes of ornamentation, is regarded with special favour by Turkish folk, inasmuch as it is said to be incapable of transmitting infection when used in pipes passing from mouth to mouth

IMPRISONED AND PRESERVED: An insect enclosed in a piece of amber, having been trapped while the resin was fluid

BALTIC GOLD

Mining and Dredging for Amber in the East Prussian Coast Region

A MONSTER HAUL ON THE CORNISH COAST: Mr. F. Windsor and twelve-year-old Donald Nicholas (left) with the 13-ft. shark which became entangled in their fishing net close inshore at Newlyn and which they succeeded in bringing to land

SHARKS IN BRITISH WATERS

Several Species to be Found off Our Coasts, But None Present any Real Danger: Some Popular Misconceptions

MANY people must have been filled with misgiving at the numerous reports of the occurrence of sharks off the British coast which have appeared in the press from time to time, as these creatures are not generally recognised as a normal part of our fauna.

The word "shark" conjures up, in most minds, a huge, swiftly swimming fish with a large mouth, full of formidable teeth, capable of amputating the leg of some unfortunate swimmer at one bite; and the proper setting for such an animal is usually considered to be the deep-blue, reef-broken waters of some tropic land. It is not surprising, therefore, that when accounts of damage done by sharks in our own waters come to hand with frequency, nervous people begin to wonder whether it is safe to bathe.

As a matter of fact, this is a completely wrong view. There are, and always have been, many sharks in our waters, though few of them resemble the popular conception as outlined above. Altogether we have records of no fewer than twenty-four species, differing greatly in size and appearance. The smaller kinds are known as dogfish, and will probably be familiar under that name. Sometimes they occur in such large shoals that they are a great nuisance to fishermen who are out for something better; at other times they have a certain value, appearing on our fish markets as "rock-salmon."

Some of our other native species are found in such deep water (300 fathoms or more) that they are seldom likely to be seen by the land-lubber. They are comparatively small and black, and would seem to be of little use, though the hat industry finds their very rough skin useful for raising the nap on felt.

It is, however, the larger sharks which have been making the news. Of these, the basking shark (*cetorhinus maximus*) has been credited with the most damage recently. This huge creature, attaining a length of 40 ft., gets its name from its habit of lying motionless at the surface of the water on warm days, as though basking in the sun. It has an enormous mouth, but the teeth therein are quite minute, and this giant shark, like some of the whales, relies for its food upon small crustaceans and other minute marine animals, which are caught by taking into the mouth a great quantity of water and expelling it through the gill-openings, the small organisms being caught in the gill-rakers, which act as a sieve. It migrates from the warmer parts of the Atlantic each year, arriving on the west coast of Ireland about May.

The basking shark is by nature a sluggish, inoffensive creature, and all who know it well will find it difficult to believe the stories of ferocious attack which have been attributed to it during last summer. I have seen many of them basking off the Irish coast, and on one occasion "ran aground" on one while in a small boat; I was able to push off again by shoving with an oar against its back, and from first to last it showed utter indifference to my presence.

It is likely to be dangerous only if frightened or wounded, when the sudden contact of its huge bulk or a blow from its great tail would be sufficient to damage or upset a fair-sized boat. But according to reports, it was guilty last year of deliberately charging fishermen's boats, in one instance costing the loss of two lives. This is so unlike the nature of the basking shark that I am tempted to believe that these attacks were made by some other creature, such as the killer whale.

In case it should be thought unjustifiable to doubt the accounts given of these attacks, I would like to quote the case of the North Sea fishermen, who for many years spoke of seeing sharks around their drifters while hauling their herring nets; it was not until 1929 that investigation by the British Sea Anglers' Society revealed the fact that these were not sharks at all but tunny, a kind of giant mackerel, thus opening up a great new field of big-game fishing for the British angler, which has been carried on at Scarborough with increasing success.

The basking shark has also been featured in the press during the past two or three years in quite another role. Several "monsters" or "sea-serpents" which have been washed ashore during storms have turned out to be mutilated and much decomposed specimens of this shark; the long gill-arches and the jaws having fallen away, the small skull is left on a length of vertebral column which looks like the long neck of a plesiosaurus or some such animal.

In addition to the lazy, stupid basking shark, however, we have certain other large summer visitors which approach more nearly to the popular conception of what a shark should be. There is, for instance, the porbeagle *(lamna cornubica)* which grows to about 8 ft. long, and has the mouth well lined with large, sharp teeth, some of which show even when the mouth is closed, giving it a very fierce appearance. It is a surface-swimmer, feeding on mackerel, whiting, etc., and has been successfully fished for on rod and line on the west coast of Ireland.

Another interesting species, which has been caught frequently during the last season, is the thresher shark, so called on account of its very long tail, with which it lashes the water in order to concentrate and direct the shoals of small fishes which form its food. The blue shark, too, is well known to anglers and is probably the nearest approach to the tropical man-eaters that we encounter in our waters. Very few of these, however, are ever seen close inshore, and danger from sharks on the British coasts is likely to come the way only of those who go out looking for it.

A. Fraser-Brunner, F.Z.S.

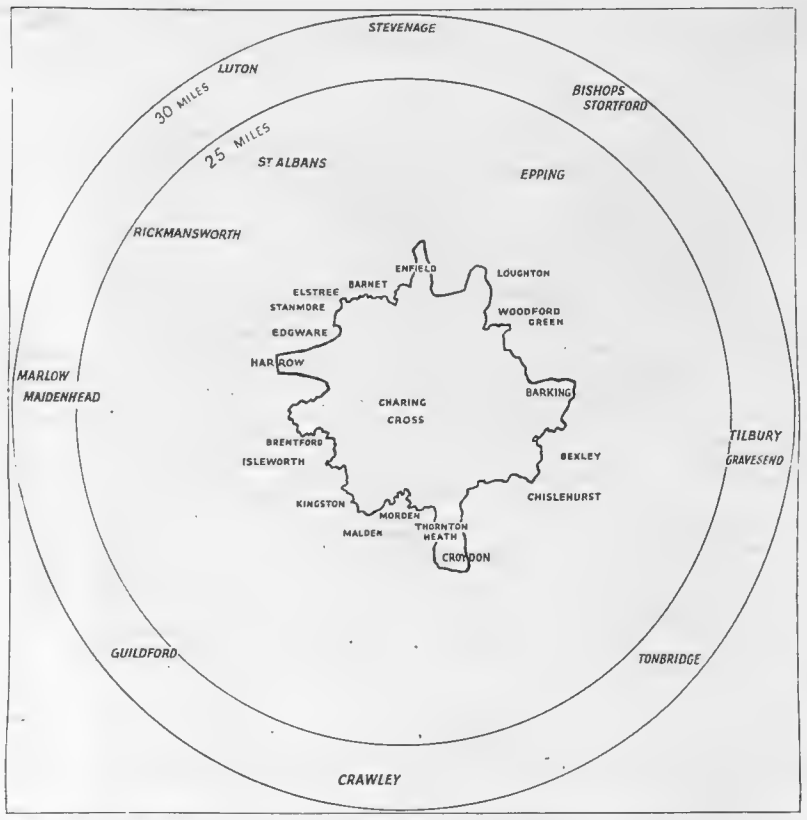
A PRUD'HON IN THE SALE ROOM: This portrait of Mr. Johnston, a business man of British origin, who became Mayor of Bordeaux, was sold for £1,100 at the Galerie Charpentier, Paris, on May 19, together with other important works from the private art collection of the Duc de Trevise and it is rumoured that its purchaser will present it to one of the French museums. The artist, who was an eager student of Leonardo's works, was at the height of his powers in the early years of the nineteenth century

A GREAT PARIS ART SALE

A Géricault Equine Study Purchased for the National Gallery

Much interest was aroused in art circles by the dispersal in Paris on May 19 of the fine private collection of the Duc de Trevise, largely because it included no fewer than ten pictures by Géricault, a painter who, although well known, has not up to now been adequately represented in public galleries. As a result of the auction this will now to an extent be remedied, for the National Gallery, London, the Louvre, and Kansas City Museum were included among the purchasers. Géricault's "La Folle" was bought by René Huyghe, Director of the Louvre, who paid 310,000 francs, a big sum when the far from buoyant present state of the Paris market is taken into consideration, while Sir Kenneth Clark paid only a fifth of that figure for "Le Cheval Isabelle Tigré, effrayé par la foudre," an equine study of undoubted merit and reflecting Géricault's passion for horses, acquired in youth when he roamed across the meadows round his native city of Rouen and also during his frequent visits to his uncle, M. Carnel, who kept extensive stables near Versailles. Prud'hon, Michelin and Delacroix were also represented in the sale, "Les Armures," by the last named, fetching 41,000 francs and going to the Rotterdam Museum

PURCHASED FOR BRITAIN: This fine equine study by Géricault was bought for 60,200 francs (at current rates nearly £340) by Sir Kenneth Clark on behalf of the National Gallery, when he went over to Paris recently and attended the dispersal at the Galerie Charpentier of the private collection of the Duc de Trevise



THE AREA COVERED BY THE REPORT: It will be seen from the above that a very wide interpretation has been put on the "Greater London" mentioned in the terms of reference, drawn up in 1934. Such a wide circle naturally includes a really vast area—actually one thirty-second part of the area of England and Wales

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED LOND

Its Outstanding Proposals Examined and its Plans for the

THE Highway Development Survey just completed by Sir Charles Bressey has been compared with Sir Christopher Wren's scheme for the replanning of London. The extent to which they are comparable can be judged by examining the two plans illustrated.

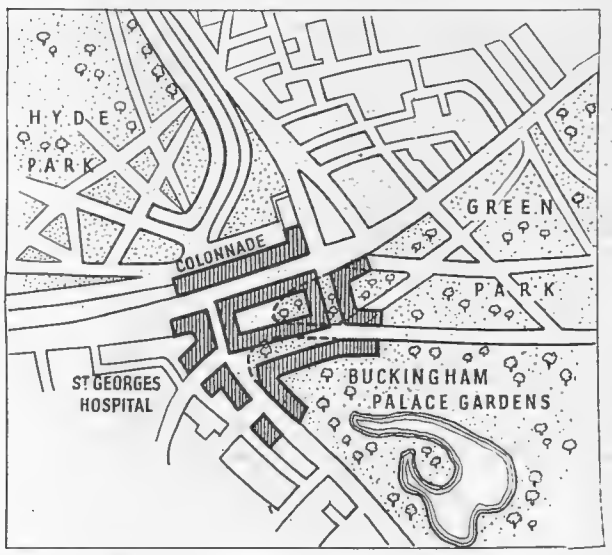
The proposed new scheme has two distinct parts, one dealing with the improvement of arterial roads in the Greater London area, the other dealing with the improvement of communications in the central area, which lies within a circle of about 3 miles radius, with a centre at Blackfriars. The recommendations are illustrated by separate maps.

The scheme for outer London is almost geometrical in pattern, and shows a complex of radial roads evenly spaced and linked together by circular roads at a distance of about 6 miles and 17 miles respectively from the centre. A tremendous change will be made in the appearance of the now congested suburbs of London if the recommendations of this report are carried out. To quote from the report:

"In determining the width of new routes regard must be had to the space needed not merely for traffic purposes but for mains and other underground services, as well as for roadside trees. In many localities the roads ought, with the co-operation of town planners, to be laid out as parkways 200 ft. or 300 ft. wide fringed with greens and open spaces." Commenting on existing conditions he says:—

"From these figures it will be observed that for nearly one-third of their length these radial roads only afford two-lane carriageways, which must be regarded as a very scanty allowance for traffic needs in the neighbourhood of London. Three-lane carriageways are found along nearly half of the total length, and it is unfortunate that this type of carriageway, with a central lane common to both up and down traffic, has proved fruitful of accidents. Four-lane carriageways extend along one-tenth of the length. Little more than

Bound in elegant scarlet cloth and published by H.M. Stationery Office (7s. 6d.) for the Ministry of Transport, The Highway Development Survey, 1937 (Greater London) *is in many ways a very remarkable volume. Many of its leading facets are discussed by an expert hand in the adjacent columns. There are sixty-two pages of text, seven plans of somewhat improbable-looking roundabouts, a map of dock approaches, and two large, folded maps, beautifully printed, which are enclosed in a pouch at the back. It is when these maps are unfolded and examined in detail that the emotions are stirred, either in the direction of admiration or dismay, according to the district in which one happens to live within this area of "Greater London." And an unexpectedly large area it is that this report sets itself to examine, and for which it has propounded remedies. The terms of reference certainly used the phrase, "Greater London," but many readers will doubtless be surprised to find that the district has been interpreted as extending as far as 25 miles from Charing Cross. To emphasise the point that it includes 1,821 sq. miles and that the population within a 30-mile radius has risen to 9,500,000 seems odd when large areas within the circles are open country. On the other hand, the report penetrates into the very heart of the City and discusses matters around the Mansion House.*



THE PROPOSED ENCROACHMENT ON THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN: The plan for the improvement of Hyde Park Corner includes not only the surrendering of a portion of Green Park but the slicing off of the north-west corner of His Majesty's garden. Drawn from the details given on the report's map

The larger map reaches out as far as Haslemere, Leighton Buzzard and Chelmsford, in order to include a number of new traffic routes, radial and circular, some of which will arouse much local criticism. It is on this map that the presence can be detected of a large number of unenviable districts bordered by two converging highways. Only those who live close to one of the humming speedways can imagine what life will be within these "roaring forks." In many ways this report exhibits such a spirit of carefulness and such a vast knowledge of London streets that one might overlook certain underlying

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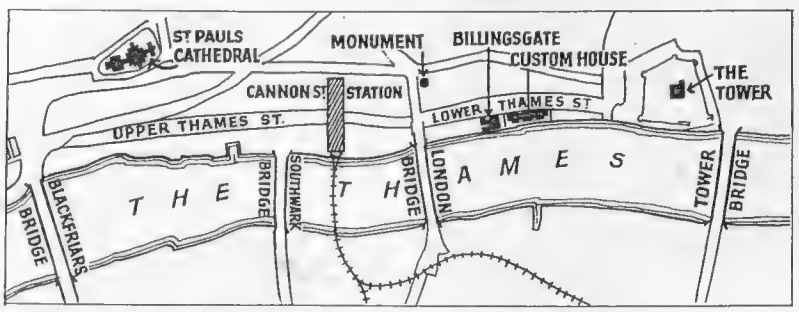


PART OF A PROPOSED RIVER BOULEVARD SCHEME: It is proposed that the Thames Embankment should be extended beyond Blackfriars, past London Bridge to the Tower. The Fishmongers' Hall, St. Magnus the Martyr (Coverdale's church) and the Customs House are in dangerous proximity to the scheme

HOW INNERMOST LONDON IS AFFECTED BY THE REPORT: This section, enlarged from the City loop-way, marked No. 3, a continuous oval route which embraces the City, it, and south route crossing the river at Blackfriars. The Elephant and Castle road junction about, is by-passed by means of a long overhead viaduct, indicated by a chequered band into the Camberwell New Road. Other southward bound routes, marked 27 and 32,

ON TRAFFIC REPORT

Central Area Criticised

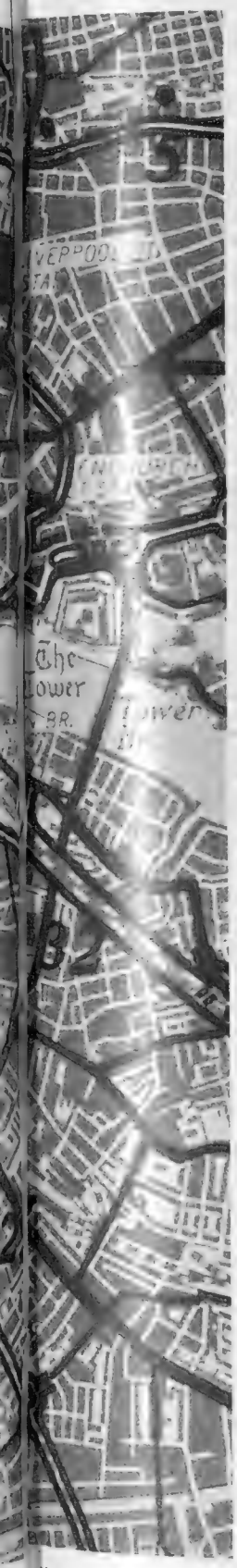
By A. TATTON-BROWN

one-thirtieth part of the length consists of dual carriageways. The width of carriageway alone does not determine the adequacy of a road; other important factors are regularity of alignment and uniformity of lay-out, the occurrence of bottle necks, the spacing of road junctions, the presence of service roads, cycle tracks, footways, etc. The total length of radial road flanked by service roads is about 7 miles, and by cycle tracks about 15 miles.

The most important of the new routes recommended are:—

(1) Five new motor ways through undeveloped country to take fast motor traffic from London to Birmingham, Nottingham, Winchester, Norwich and Brighton (Nos. 57, 58, 59, 60 and 61 on map).

(2) Four new radial roads filling in gaps left by the Greater London arterial roads programme of 1936: (*a*) Through West Wickham to Westerham in the S.E. (No. 26); (*b*) Through Chingford to Broxbourne in the N.E. (No. 34); (*c*) Through Wood End, past Watford and Harrow to Aylesbury in the N.W. (No. 49); (*d*) A southern by-pass to Slough and Maidenhead extending the existing road (No. 53).



the report's map, shows also shows a main north which is given a big round- which would drop down are also indicated

(3) A north and south orbital road encircling London at a distance of about 17 miles from Blackfriars, passing over the river near Staines and under the river between Dartford and Purfleet (Nos. 7 and 8).

(4) A south circular road corresponding to the existing north circular road, at a distance of about 6 miles from Blackfriars, passing over the river at Wandsworth and under the river at Woolwich (Nos. 19, 2, 34 and 38 on plan).

(5) A new north-south connection between Hackney and Eltham, passing under the river at Blackwall in a new tunnel (No. 10).

(6) An east-west connection linking up Eastern and Western Avenues (No. 1 on plan).

The east-west connection is the only one of the roads mentioned which cuts through the river area. The route selected (along the Euston-Marylebone road) is already a well defined traffic artery. It marks the edge of the prosperous commercial and residential area, and serves it without passing through it.

The plan for remodelling the river area is more difficult to describe because of the confused pattern of the existing streets and the piecemeal nature of the remedies suggested. There are three new north-south connections (in addition to the five already mentioned) which really form part of the arterial road scheme, but which can most conveniently be considered in conjunction with the plan for inner London, because they cut right through the busiest part of the central area. Apart from these the method adopted by the framers of the report has been to make a list of the most congested streets and corners and to suggest local remedies. Most of the drastic and sensational recommendations of the report are in connection with the central area.

For instance:—(1) The north-south connection between Stamford Hill and Forest Hill (Nos. 11 and 39) has to be carried over Victoria Park in a viaduct, through Limehouse on a new road, under the Thames at Shadwell in a tunnel, and from then to Forest Hill on a viaduct nearly 3 miles long.

(2) The north-south connection between Holloway and Brockwell Park via the Blackfriars Bridge (Nos. 21 and 22) has to be carried under Pentonville and under the Rosebery Avenue–Farringdon Road junction in tunnels and over the Elephant and Castle in a viaduct nearly 2 miles long.

(3) The north-south connection between Tooting and Paddington (Nos. 18 and 24) is to be carried under Clapham and under Hyde Park in two tunnels, the latter of which is nearly 2 miles long.

The most conspicuous of the local remedies are:—(1) A by-pass to Oxford Street that is carried in a tunnel under Regent Street and Soho (No. 14).

UNTOUCHED UNDER THE PROPOSALS OF THE GREATER LONDON SURVEY: The heart of the City, at the Bank and the Royal Exchange, is seen in this bird's-eye view. There are no proposals for widening or roundabouts in this area. Any alteration is considered to be too expensive. The area is full of twisting roads, pedestrians wander over pavements and roadway, and big dray horses are everywhere. But the district has the virtue of being safe. Month after month it has an almost clean bill as regards pedestrian casualties

(2) A by-pass to Bond Street (No. 15).
(3) A city loopway (No. 3).
(4) A new road connecting Exhibition Road with Lambeth Bridge.

The following summary of the section of the report entitled "Location of Routes" gives some idea of the extent to which the difficulty and expense of constructing and improving roads varies from one part of London to another, and of the relative advantages to be expected from alterations made in the inner and outer areas respectively.

(I) Densely congested areas like the heart of the City of London. Here the cost of comparatively insignificant street widenings sometimes works out at a rate exceeding £2,000,000 per mile. Even this leads to no conclusive result, as is shown by the recurrence of widenings in the same streets by successive generations.

(II) Congested areas resembling the above, but less prosperous. Many of these districts obviously need replanning, and the introduction of improved new routes would unquestionably enhance the attractions and increase the rateable value of the neighbourhood. "Having regard to the wasteful multiplicity of dingy alleys, courts and lanes, it is quite possible that, by a judicious rearrangement, dignified and adequate thoroughfares could be formed without any reduction in the aggregate area of building sites."

(III) Densely populated slum areas, such as are found in Bethnal Green, West Ham, Shoreditch, etc. Clearance schemes will, it may be hoped, transform these districts within the next five or ten years. The desire, however, to displace the smallest possible proportion of residents leads sometimes to a reluctance to sacrifice the space needed for wide routes.

(IV) "Residential suburban areas laid out sixty years or more ago with roomy, lofty, old-fashioned houses and spacious gardens which no longer attract tenants." The demand for modern flats is leading to a wholesale demolition of these buildings and the covering of their site with blocks of flats capable of accommodating a population at the rate of 200 or even more per acre. This thirty-fold increase of population will obviously impose an intolerable strain on a road system designed for the circumstances which prevailed sixty years ago. The cost of acquiring lands now for road widenings or new roads would be infinitesimally small in comparison with the figure that will be reached if improvements are postponed until the land has been covered with blocks of flats four or five storeys high.

(V) The rural belt lying outside the suburban fringe, and still remaining in settled agricultural occupation. Apart from a few widely spaced main roads, these agricultural districts are usually served by devious, jagged and fortuitous lanes which are quite unsuitable for any purpose other than that of slow-moving communication between farms and hamlets. This point is of the greater importance, seeing that there is little likelihood of the creation of additional railway branch lines for the opening out of such districts.

It is clear, then, from this analysis that in central as opposed to outlying areas the difficulties of improving road communications are very great indeed. In fact, one cannot help wondering whether the result obtained is really worth the effort involved. The experiment of by-passing existing towns has been tried so often and so successfully that one wonders why the method is not extended

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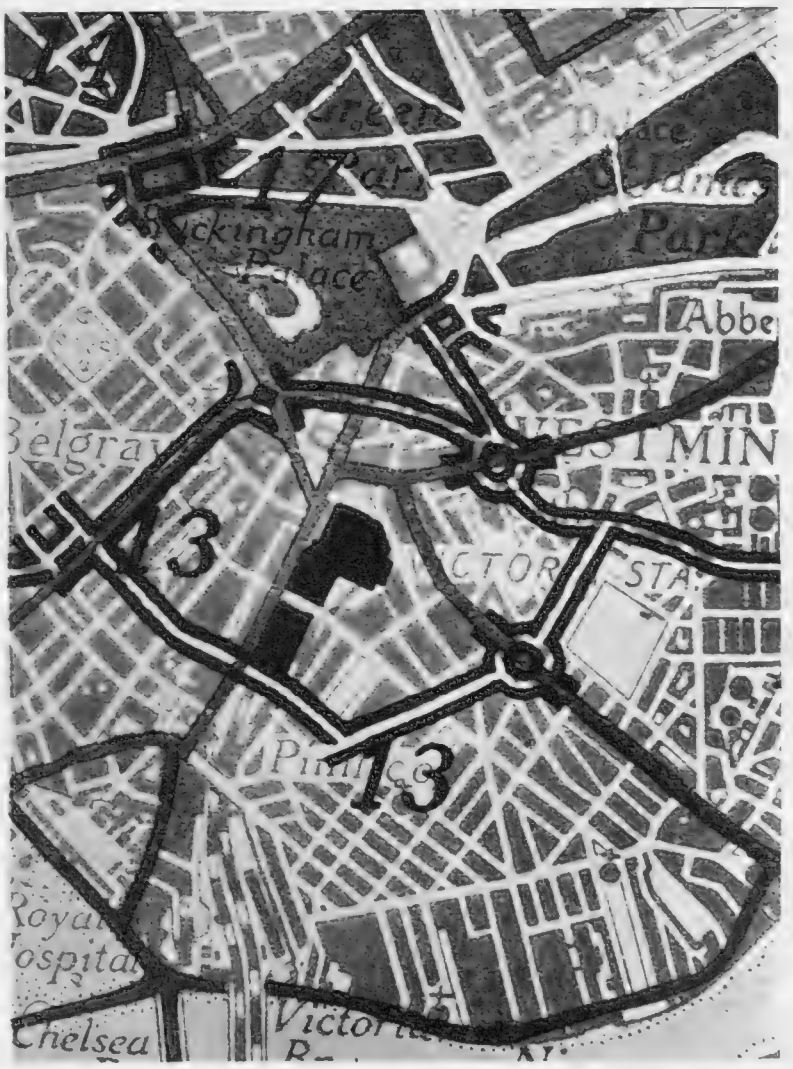


THE AREA AROUND BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE ABBEY, WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, AND VICTORIA STATION: Here again the complexity of the proposals is evidenced. No less than three roundabouts impinge on the Royal property and there is a big roundabout close to Westminster Cathedral. Scheme No. 13 cuts right across from Westminster into Belgravia

THE LONDON TRAFFIC REPORT

(Cont. from p. 507)

to London, where the difficulties of replanning are much greater than they are in any other built-up area in the kingdom.

TRAFFIC AT GARDINER'S CORNER: The report declares that this is probably the key point of the East End of London. Five roads converge there and a roundabout is regarded as essential. It is adjacent to several manufacturing and trading districts. Traffic is at present congested owing to road works shown in the above picture taken last week

The terms of the report were "to study the need for improved communications by road," but the question is not one which can be decided only by studying the congestion now prevailing on the road. If the terms of reference had been somewhat wider; if a review of communications had been undertaken as a whole, and if the possible alternatives of travel by private car, by bus, by underground had been weighed against each other, quite a different result might have been arrived at. It might have appeared that to try to improve the roadways in the centre of the town, with the idea of taking an indefinitely expanding volume of traffic through heavily built-up commercial and industrial areas, is expensive and altogether undesirable, and that other methods of transport are more economical, more convenient, and preserve the amenities of the areas concerned to a much greater extent.

On page 25 of the report the following table is given illustrating the remarkable manner in which the construction of new roads creates new traffic:—

Year	Number of Vehicles for a day of 16 hours: Old Route	New Gt. West Road
1922	1,404	Not open
1925	1,435	6,440
1928	1,887	9,404
1931	2,238	12,610
1935	3,826	16,903

Presumably the same thing may be expected to happen in the central London area unless some steps are taken to prevent it. The new radial roads will attract more and more motorists in the direction of London. Is it wise to empty them into the centre of the congested area?

The motor traffic in London, which is largely composed of private cars, can be divided into local traffic and through traffic. With regard to through traffic, observations made for Sir Charles Bressey and given on page 18 of the report show that it is quicker for a motorist to make the entire north circuit of London, a distance of 22·75 miles, than to take a direct route across London from east to west. The average speed east to west is only 12 m.p.h., rising to 18 m.p.h. on the outskirts and falling sometimes as low as 3 m.p.h. in the centre. There is no reason to suppose that the relative speeds will be altered when both routes have been improved.

Local traffic, on the other hand, can only be carried on comfortably in private cars if adequate parking space is available. "Many owners are reluctant to abandon the unfounded theory that they have a right to put the public road to this use. Unless this form of obstruction can be effectively checked, trade and commerce in the most congested quarters are likely, in the long run, to be adversely affected."

A general improvement will accentuate this difficulty. The congestion in the central area can only be solved on the lines of the Bressey report, by providing adequate space then for one in four of the 10,000,000 inhabitants of London to drive and also to park their cars. The idea is fantastic. The space necessary for roads and garages would make the town useless as a commercial or shopping centre.

Another way of dealing with congestion in the central area would be to discourage motorists from bringing their private cars into the town at all. This could easily be done by providing a ring road or by-pass skirting the busy part of the town. If the ring road were a two-lane road of full width, and provided with service roads at the side giving access to continuous open-air and covered parking spaces, adequate to serve the increasing number who may be expected to use the new system of arterial roads for travelling to London by car, and if all the radiating arterial roads were made to terminate on this inner ring, it is improbable that many motorists would take their cars further. The ring road would link up the main railway terminals, Liverpool Street, King's Cross, Euston, Marylebone, St. Pancras on the north side of the river, follow the District railway south through Shepherds Bush and Hammersmith, and run through Clapham, Brixton and Peckham to New Cross. No point on the route need be far from the Underground.

Motorists could be encouraged to use these facilities by tightening up the regulations concerning parking in unauthorised places, and by improving public transport in the centre of the town. At present the L.P.T.B. has two serious difficulties to contend with—obstruction by private cars, and competition from private cars, which takes from them lucrative casual traffic, and leaves them to cope with the unprofitable peak traffic.

It is difficult to see who would suffer from an arrangement of this kind. Traders would certainly benefit. "Proposals to cut new routes, instead of widening old shopping thoroughfares in the traditional manner, are sometimes opposed by trading interests. Opposition of this sort has, however, been tempered of recent years by the discovery that in certain 'High Streets' trade has improved after the opening of a by-pass which enables shopping to be conducted more comfortably in the old street." The general public would benefit by greater peace and quietness and by improved public transport.

It is probable that the present outward movement of industry and population will be greatly speeded up by the construction of new arterial roads, and that congestion in the central area will gradually lessen. In about 20 years time, if nothing is done to check the movement, it may be possible to replan completely the central area in a way that is now quite out of the question.

DRASTIC CHANGES SUGGESTED FOR PICCADILLY CIRCUS: Here the report is very sure of itself—the only question is the extent to which the obstructive buildings should be set back. The reconstructed Pavilion is one of these

CROSS-RIVER TRAFFIC ABOVE VAUXHALL: Several bridges feed the Embankment, which at Chelsea has developed into a fast traffic route for various types of vehicles. Here is some 9.30 a.m. traffic at the Albert Bridge; a picture taken last week

(Continued from page 506)

tendencies and pre-conceptions which suffuse its pages. Living with this problem of how to ensure the smooth and rapid movement of motor traffic within the London area cannot fail to have had special reactions on the compilers of this volume. Everyone has experienced the sense of irritation which even a hold-up of a few seconds engenders in the mind when at the wheel—the report itself refers to "the vexatious" —they are not necessarily important—delays which occur at Hyde Park Corner.

This underlying psychology doubtless accounts for the atmosphere of blame which, in the report, attaches to Hyde Park, which has the maladroitness to extend for no less a distance than a mile and three quarters, thus preventing a proper north and south flow of traffic for that distance. It also accounts for the suggestion that the park railings should be pushed back on the east side to admit general traffic.

And it further explains, if it does not excuse, the proposal that the King's royal garden should be pared away in order that a particularly favoured reconstruction of Hyde Park

THE OFFENDING PARKS: Those of central London are a bother to the report. They stand in the way of eligible traffic routes and in the case of Hyde Park there is the heroic suggestion of a tunnel, to be built deep enough to avoid tree roots

Corner should be brought into being, a proposal which is followed by the hint that if these suggestions prove "inacceptable," the alternative is a very expensive tunnel which, after all, would not prove nearly so effective as . . . . on the whole not a happy suggestion.

It must be recorded, however, that there is a case in which the report recognises a higher call than its own. It is when a parallel relief route to the north of Oxford Street is under discussion. A possible route collides with the British Museum and the new London University Buildings, and the report frankly admits that these buildings must be left where they are.

The enlarged reproductions from the inner London map given here will show with what exhaustive detail the subject has been examined, and as the report is being circulated by the Ministry to the heads of all local interested bodies and may become a covenant of highway traffic, it behoves everyone who lives within the areas dealt with on the two maps to study them closely and to see for themselves how their own neighbourhoods are affected.

A very interesting review of the report comes from the pen of Mr. W. D. H. McCullough in the Sunday Times *who concludes by "paying a final tribute to an historical document produced by a great engineer and a charming man" and at the same time makes the suggestion to the Minister of Transport that a parallel survey might be carried out of all those parts of London which have a special claim to preservation by reason of their historical associations or natural beauty.*

CHELSEA BRIDGE AT 10.15 a.m.: Here is a reverse stream evident, with traffic moving westward along the embankment, commercial vehicles heading the line. Much easier traffic is evident on the bridge. This picture was taken last week

EDINBURGH'S WEEK OF PAGEANTRY

The 1938 General Assembly of the Church of Scotland Opened

EMPIRE AIR DAY AT CARDINGTON

The Public sees the Balloon Barrage Units for London's Defence

KING'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE NORTHERN CAPITAL: The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Sir John Gilmour, inspecting a dismounted guard of honour of the 4th-7th Royal Dragoon Guards before attending the service in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, which in turn preceded his inauguration of the General Assembly. Sir John, who during the past week has been in residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, together with Lady Gilmour and members of his suite, is a popular choice as Lord High Commissioner, for it was largely due to his efforts, when Secretary of State for Scotland, and those of Lord Thankerton, that there was introduced into Parliament the necessary legislation which carried out the long discussed union of the Scottish Churches

THE AIR FORCE "AT HOME": Visitors inspecting units of the air raid balloon barrage in the giant hangar at Cardington, Bedfordshire, on Empire Air Day (May 28) when at fully eighty R.A.F. stations throughout the country an elaborate programme was arranged for members of the public who were permitted to see many and various phases of the work of the junior fighting service. The weather at some stations marred the displays, but those who visited Cardington were highly fortunate, being able to shelter in the hangar which, it may be remembered, once accommodated the *R 101*

THE FRENCHMAN WINS: HOW THE 20 to 1 CHANCE, BOIS ROUSSEL, WON THE 1938 DERBY IN A CANTER

THE START

While millions held their breath. The field for the 1938 Derby pictured as the tapes went up and Captain ... lison, the Jockey Club starter, who has officiated at every Derby since the war, sent them off on their mile-and-a-half ... ourney in the greatest of all races on the turf. Some of the horses proved troublesome, failing to get into line and delay ... g matters.

TATTENHAM CORNER

Here the pace-making Halcyon Gift was still holding on to his lead, while Mr. J. V. Rank's much fancied Scottish Union was moving up to challenge, and the favourite, Pasch (lying third on the outside), was also well placed for the dash to the winning post. The winner, Bois Roussel, was still in the ruck, and those who gave him a thought must have seen little chance of his success.

AFTER MILE

At this point in the race Mrs. G. A. Monkhouse's Halcyon Gift, a 50 to 1 outsider, was in clear command and the rest of the field was thundering behind in close order, preparing for the crucial moment of the race at Tattenham Corner. The winner, the French horse Bois Roussel, made a very bad start and had an enormous amount of ground to make up

THE FINISH: The 20 to 1 French-bred colt Bois Roussel (C. Elliott up) passing the post in a canter with Scottish Union and the favourite, Pasch, which was ridden by Gordon Richards, well beaten after a brief but exciting tussle in the straight. *On left*—The Hon. Peter Beatty, brother of Lord Beatty, leading in his horse, Bois Roussel, following his surprise victory

CHANGES IN THE FACE OF EDINBURGH

Builders Busy in Scotland's Capital Which, However, Remains on the Whole Well Guarded Against Vandal Hands

A MONSTER NEWCOMER TO EDINBURGH'S SKYLINE: The partially completed block of offices which is rising on the site of the "old gaol" and which it is hoped will accord with existing architectural features in the vicinity

VIEWED FROM THE SLOPES OF CALTON HILL: The gaunt framework of the new block of Government offices which is now rising rapidly on the site of Edinburgh's lately demolished "old gaol"

"TO-MORROW, if it is agreeable, I will wait on you about 12, and hope you will permit me to show you some of our improvements"—so wrote Sir Walter Scott when Maria Edgeworth paid a visit to Edinburgh; and so the years move on and still the face of Edinburgh shows its changing lights and shadows.

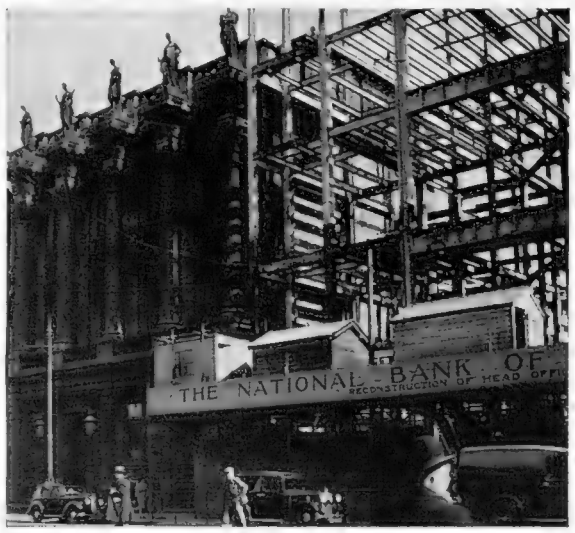
The citizen of Edinburgh, on the whole, guards with a vigilant eye the alteration to any of the prominent places of beauty in the town. How well one remembers the controversy that raged over the erection of the war memorial, just because the outline of the castle would be altered the nearest fraction, but in spite of the various societies for the preservation of the beauty of the town, enormities have a way of appearing from nowhere.

To trace and appreciate the changes we must step back into history. The oldest building in the town is the Norman Chapel of St. Margaret, which preserves for us a record of the Norman culture which spread to Scotland at the time of the conquest of England. The secular architecture of the pre-Reformation period within the burgh has almost all disappeared, except for a door or two in Blackfriars Street, Boswell's Court, and a curious corbelled building in Trank's Close. The most historic street is, of course, the High Street, which comprises the Royal Mile from the castle down to the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Here the first new building to be noticed is the new Sheriff Court, built on the island site where a collection of shops used to stand. This new building, though in modern style, does not offend the eye, being well proportioned and built in sandstone.

The beginning of the seventeenth century awoke renewed interest in building; French influence declined, while contact with the Low Countries became closer, and with the union of the Crowns a more peaceful period set in. The burgh remained for another 100 years confined within its defences, and expansion went mainly in an upward direction. The older, cottage-like houses in the High Street were pulled down and their sites and gardens or "closes" went towering upwards, reaching a height of ten, twelve, or more storeys, the nearest approach to our modern sky-scraping instincts and actually the tallest dwellings erected by man before the latter part of the nineteenth century.

All the original names of the "closes" are still in evidence, one of the more attractive ones being "World's End," which brings us to another new building called the "Sailors' Ark," built recently as a result of money left by a sea captain for somewhere to provide food for the deserving poor. It is built in stone with a rounded tower end, but unfortunately, though an old sign had obviously been intended, it has never materialised—a great pity, as a good piece of colour would be most welcome. Farther down the street we come to Acheson House, in the early seventeenth century the town house of Sir Archibald Acheson and now beautifully restored by Lord Bute. Next door is one of several pieces of very good work of restoration by the town, this one being Huntly House, restored as a Corporation museum.

Later on the burgh had become dangerously overcrowded, with a population of round about 60,000, and with the inhabitants deciding that the '45 rebellion was over, it was presumed to be safe to live outside the walls.



WATCHED WITH ANXIETY: Edinburgh folk, jealous of their architectural heritage, are watching closely the rise of this new head office of the National Bank of Scotland, hoping that it will harmonise in dignity and proportions with the rest of St. Andrews Square and particularly with its neighbour on the left, the British Linen Bank, built a century ago by David Bryce

Then began a period of great activity building new bridges; the original North Bridge, 1765, has since been rebuilt in steel, but George IV, Regent, and Dean bridges still show an impressive span in masonry.

The seventy years following 1765 are one of the most unique and remarkable periods in the history of cities, for at a time when buildings elsewhere were showing deplorable dullness or eccentricity which marked generally the declining phase of renaissance art the citizens of Edinburgh roused themselves to an effort almost without parallel. Bereft of King and Parliament they created the new town and its extensions—"a monument of orderly development of which any capital might be proud," says an eminent architect.

Very remarkable indeed is the fact that this was not the enforced scheme of some great dictator but the spontaneous achievement of the citizens themselves. No law directed such dignified squares, streets, and crescents which adorn the northern part of the city, and only the nineteenth century industrialism, by then fully developed, prevented the completion of an extension on the same spacious lines which they hoped would unite the city with the port of Leith. This completion, alas, stops at the comparatively southern crescents round the Calton Hill and the more northerly area lapses sadly into a muddle of sidings and confused streets.

By the end of the century one of the finest pieces of architecture by the Adam brothers was completed, viz., Charlotte Square (other examples of their unsurpassed work include the Register House and the old University, 1789), and soon after 1800 the New Town proper was completed.

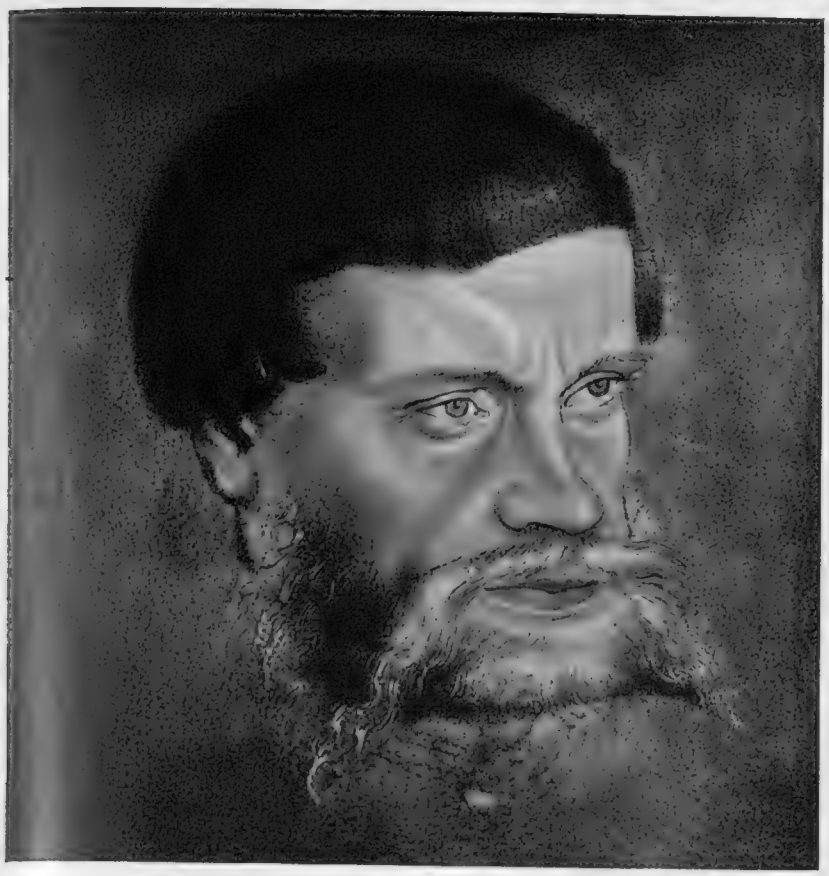
Then came the Romantic Movement, when Sir Walter Scott was living in Castle Street, and a general trend in architecture of the period to revive the spirit of the Greek, very noticeable in the Royal High School, and almost opposite on an extremely important site there is arising the new Government offices block, about which present conjecture and criticism run high. The old gaol was exceedingly well suited to its prominent position, and on a plea of its being too expensive to convert to modern use, it has been entirely pulled down, except for the governor's house, with its circular drawing-room, which is being retained. We shall be lucky if the

(*Continued on page* 532)

THREE NOTABLE CHANGES: *Left*—This building, known as the Sailors' Ark, was built recently in Edinburgh with money left by a sea captain with the object of having a suitable place at which to provide food for the deserving poor; while nearby is the Acheson House (*centre*), which in the seventeenth century was the town residence of Sir Archibald Acheson and has now been beautifully restored to its former estate by Lord Bute. *Right*—A new office building looking east along George Street

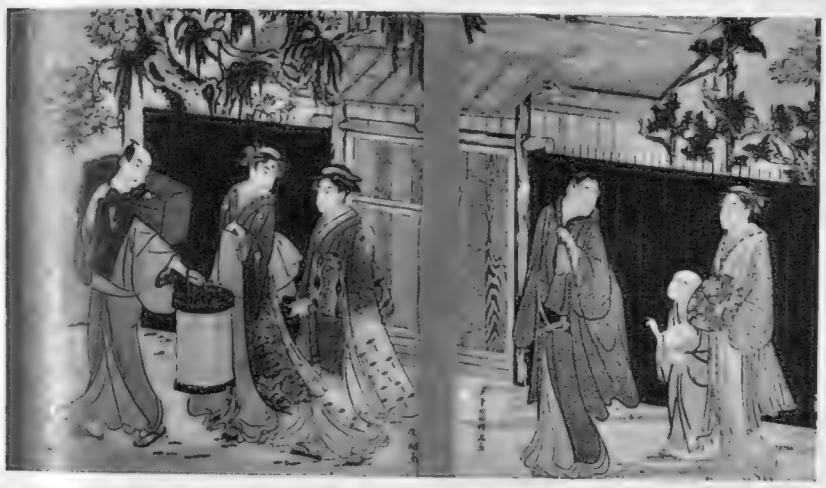
TREASURES OF RHEIMS—A PARIS DISPLAY

Japanese Colour Prints, A Notable Collection to be Auctioned in London



"JOHN THE CONSTANT, ELECTOR OF SAXONY": A fine painting by Lucas Cranach the Elder, the great German portraitist of the first half of the sixteenth century, included in the exhibition of Rheims treasures held in the Musée de l'Orangerie, Paris; an art display that has aroused the greatest interest in French art circles

CHARACTER IN EVERY LINE: "Portrait d'un Inconnu" by Lucas Cranach the Younger, son and assistant of Lucas Cranach the Elder, in the exhibition at the Musée de l'Orangerie, Paris, of works of art belonging to Rheims, the city which this summer comes to the fore with its elaborate celebrations to mark the completion of the task of re-building the war-battered cathedral



On left—NIGHT LIFE IN JAPAN: These two panels are part of a triptych in the collection of Japanese colour prints, the property of Sir A. Daniel Hall, to be auctioned at Sotheby's on June 13. In one panel two Geishas are seen with a manservant who carries their music box and a lantern as he escorts them from a party which the people in the second panel have also been attending

REALISM IN JAPANESE ART: This triptych, showing women picking blossoms in a high wind, is outstanding in the way in which it depicts movement and is a fine example of the Japanese colour prints, many of them belonging to the best periods of the Ukiyo-Ye School, to be sold at Sotheby's this month. The lady on the left has been so blown about that she is having the assistance of two maids, while the ladies in centre and on right are having difficulty in keeping their balance

SHORT SHRIFT FOR THE GOD: The charming Alcmena (Lynn Fontanne; above) delivers herself in the following independent fashion to her wooer, Jupiter, in one of the many clever passages of dialogue in *Amphitryon 38*, Jean Giraudoux's stage interpretation of a famous classical story now running at the Lyric Theatre:—

"You choose this moment of all moments to talk theology to me, at this time of day when everybody drunk with sun just can't wait to go farming or fishing. Which is more, isn't the army waiting for you? You know you have only a few hours left if you want to kill anybody at all—No, I have my house to attend to—I have my rounds to make—I have the gardener to see—Do you think this house runs itself?"

On Stage and Screen

"Glorious Morning", A Religious Play at the Duchess: The Old Vic Provides Variety: "The Ring", Sombrely Successful at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

THE only new play produced in London last week was one of remarkable interest. *Glorious Morning* is not the first religious play to be produced at the Duchess Theatre, which housed *Murder in the Cathedral*, but it is the first religious play I have seen for quite a long time not written round Canterbury Cathedral, which as dramatic fare now deserves a rest. It is not about any cathedral; indeed, it is about a land in which for twenty years cathedrals have been taboo.

For I cannot fall into line with those who have so diplomatically refused to give a label to the country in which Mr. Norman Macowan has placed his drama. It is true that he himself gives that country the imaginary name of Zagnira, possibly with an eye on the censor. Under discussion (and here is food for ample discussion) it has become "a totalitarian state." Since internal evidence rules out Italy, that state must be either Germany or Soviet Russia.

During an interval the name of Hitler was being mentioned pretty freely and that of Stalin hardly at all, which struck me as being not the least extraordinary part of an extraordinary evening, since the hectoring general of the "Supreme Council" gave the clenched fist salute and inveighed against religion as "the opium of the people," belief in God being, according to that Supreme Council, a matter for the death penalty. Whatever the attitude of Hitler (who, by the way, presented a sum of money to a church a fortnight ago) towards Christianity—and I am perfectly aware that Christians who have criticised it have a good case—Germany is not a state in which any individual who publicly, with a growing crowd of converts, proclaims faith in a Supreme Being as well as a Supreme Council qualifies for a firing squad, whereas Soviet Russia is such a state and glories in the fact, as any honest Communist will tell you. Mr. Macowan has written an intensely political and consequently controversial play, and without the above political preamble it is impossible to deal with it with the thoroughness it deserves. Besides, I do not see why so admirable a piece of work should be surrounded by a fog of cant, however tactful.

The story is as simple as the issue involved. A young girl in an agricultural district, a member of a family who have tilled the same land and lived in the same house for generations, has a Divine vision. Whether or no we believe in the possibility of that vision is beside the point. Visions and mysterious voices have played a considerable part in history in spite of scepticism, medieval or modern. Joan of Arc was no negligible figure. Joan came into collision with the Church because the Church considered her a heretic. This young Russian girl came into collision with the State because the State considered her a preacher of sedition and what that State would call a Trotskyist. Her sin, in the eyes of the general who visited her district to smell out the rumours of treason which had reached him, was that she believed in something that was forbidden, just as the sin of her grandfather was that his house was a shade too comfortable. And so the State's remedy was —"liquidation." The girl was executed because individual liberty of thought must be suppressed and sacrificed on the altar of alleged national efficiency.

That is a creed to which many people to-day proudly subscribe while they chatter about democracy at the same time. It is not only because I think it a damnable creed that I like this play for showing it up in all its beastliness. I like the play because it is intrinsically a good one. The author's own sympathies are, I fancy, on the side of the angels in more than one sense; but he has considered more than one side. He has not just written a crude and prejudiced modern version of *The Sign of the Cross* with Stalin substituted for Nero. Even the cross-examining general is drawn with reasonable restraint, and played with that restraint by Mr. Reginald Tate; his point of view could hardly be over-emphasised, so fantastic is the truthful statement of it, but the man could so easily have been made a mere ogre, and that he never is. The girl, his adversary, does not preach and pose theatrically, nor does she utter Christian platitudes in stained-glass-window attitudes. Except that in the Russia of 1938 she admits that she believes in God, there is nothing specifically heroic about her. Miss Jessica Tandy's air of quiet sincerity was precisely right.

Only Mr. Herbert Lomas, as her grandfather, was allowed dramatic outbursts. But he was, as he said, too old a man to submit comfortably to the new regime of tyranny and godlessness. And if he was dramatic, Mr. Lomas was never unduly melodramatic. Like the author, he walked warily in difficult country.

The Jooss Ballet.—The Old Vic, believing that there is nothing like variety (except in the music-hall sense) has followed the revival of *Coriolanus* with the Jooss Ballet, who vastly impressed London on their first visit a few years ago with their political ballet *The Green Table*. This they have retained in their repertoire and wisely, for it always was a masterpiece and is even more topical now than it was then. It has humour, satire, and grim tragedy. No play, book, ballet, article or sermon will ever prevent war, but I know few of such things which show up more vividly and more brilliantly the utter futility of it. This ballet is grotesque but not too grotesque and the horrible truth is always just beneath the surface. Mr. Jooss himself appears as Death and he may be described as the life of the party.

The Seven Heroes is another ballet of the same flavour—good, but not quite so good. The flavour of this company's productions throughout is utterly different from that of the Russian Ballet and other troupes who concentrate on beauty and dancing for their own sake rather than as a means to an end. I do not say that the Jooss folk are always trying to teach a lesson, to show us ballets which, as it were, are a terpsichorean story with an earthly meaning. They have their pleasant lapses into romanticism pure and simple—*A Ball in Old Vienna* is one of them, and very welcome it always is. But their tendency is to go one further than beauty of decor (in their case on the very simple side) and efficient dancing technique. Fortunately they do so very ably. Spectacle and musical elaboration are out of the question, since the orchestra is dispensed with, the musical accompaniment being provided by two pianos only. These are most capably played, but in the Old Vic, which is a large theatre, the effect is somewhat thin.

"Break the News" (Film).—Recently I saw in a French provincial town a highly amusing film—I quite forget its name—about two comedians who were dissatisfied with the amount of publicity they were given by the management of the theatre where they were employed and who decided to set about getting some on their own account. This they did by pretending that one of them had murdered the other, real tragedy coming very near when the "murderer" is arrested, sentenced to death, and brought to the very shadow of the guillotine because the "victim" was detained in a foreign country and unable, until the fifty-sixth minute of the eleventh hour, to turn up to save his pal's life. The parts were played admirably by a couple of French actors of no particular repute, even, I believe, in their own country.

Break the News is a glorified version of this story which I thought at the time far too good for comparative obscurity. The glorification has consisted largely in giving those two parts to a very non-obscure pair—Mr. Jack Buchanan and Mr. Maurice Chevalier. I have the highest opinion of the art of both of them and the revised film is

SINGING AT COVENT GARDEN: *Left*—Carlo Tagliabue, the Italian baritone, who has just made his operatic debut in London in the title role of *Rigoletto*, partnering Gigli, the famous tenor, who sings the part of "The Duke," making a welcome reappearance. *Right*—Soprano Anny von Stosch, who, among other parts during the present season, will on June 7 be singing "Gutrune" in *Gotterdammerung*

PILLARS OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY STAGE: A reproduction from an early photograph of Sir Henry Irving (left), in commemoration of the centenary of whose birth a special matinee was given last week, and Sir John Hare, his noted actor-manager contemporary. Some 350 well-known players of to-day gathered to do honour to Sir Henry's memory, giving a performance at the Lyceum which, it seemed to many an onlooker, was dominated by that very spirit with which the great actor quickened the life of the stage

full of good points and immaculately done in every way. Yet its predecessor I thought far funnier, in that it was more direct and less elaborate, concentration had been on the story rather than on the exploitation of "stars" and the humour was much more spontaneous on that account.

There is one "star," however, in *Break the News* who might have been exploited rather more adequately—Miss June Knight. Miss Knight is a clever actress and quite a goodish singer who has not had the best of luck, so far as this country

HIGH FLYERS OF THE SCREEN: Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy as pilot and mechanic in *Test Pilot*, possibly the most spectacular flying picture that has ever emanated from Hollywood and which has lately been drawing large audiences to the Empire, Leicester Square. *On right*—One of the many crashes in which Gable is involved

is concerned, in either films or on the stage—her stage appearances having been confined to some unsuccessful musical shows in which she has towered triumphantly, not by any means owing to the flatness of the surrounding country.

"The Ring."—The first cycle of *The Ring* at Covent Garden has come to a sombrely successful conclusion, the second is half way through as I write, and I hear tell of extra performances of some of the individual operas, though not of the whole tetralogy.

Dr. Furtwangler probably knows more than any living conductor about this music and the orchestra under his direction have been playing magnificently. In *Rheingold*, however, he was a little too Teutonically methodical—I had almost said "stodgy"—which Sir Thomas Beecham never is. But *Siegfried* went much better in this respect and *Gotterdammerung* was flawless; the tone of the brass in the Funeral March and the sense of grip and authority throughout were things that even the most experienced *Ring*-lover is hardly likely to forget.

Herr Bockelmann, the Wotan, has not been in such good voice this year as in former seasons. On the other hand, Herr Melchior has never sung better—he is undoubtedly the world's greatest Siegfried—so that may be said to balance up things. Madame Anny Konetzni is a fine Brunnhilde and would be a better one if some of her notes were steadier; she is inclined to wobble at times. Herr Vogel and Herr Zimmermann sang the music of Alberich and Mime instead of barking and yelping it—a pleasant change. But Alberich and Mime are among the Wagnerian bores and I am always mighty glad when they finally disappear.

"Housemaster" (Film).—Ian Hay's play *Housemaster* (which has also been produced in New York and is shortly due for general release in film form in this country) looks like being as big a success on the screen as on the stage. Moreover, it adds one more to the still smallish list of efficient British films. At the Regal the original story is followed fairly closely, and that such things simply don't happen in public schools nobody knows better than the author, who used to be a schoolmaster. What he has done—far more important in the circumstances—is to provide thoroughly good entertainment.

With one exception, the casting is good, that exception being Mr. Otto Kruger, who has the important part of the lovable housemaster himself. There is nothing whatever wrong with Mr. Kruger as an actor, but that American accent just did not fit in. Mr. Cecil Parker and Mr. Walter Hudd put in useful work, as also did Miss Diana Churchill. I only hope this delightfully clever young actress is not to be swallowed up entirely by the films.

MEN WHO TAUNT DEATH: Clark Gable as the Test Pilot, Myrna Loy as his wife, and Spencer Tracy as his mechanic in the breath-taking Hollywood film *Test Pilot*, which has as its theme the life of that dare-devil band of men who in America try out new planes to see what they can do, earn big money, live hard, if not for long, and have the spectre of death ever hanging above them. Mr. Gable and Miss Loy are now making another flying picture, *Too Hot To Handle*

"AND ALL THE WOODS ARE ALIVE WITH THE MURMUR AND SOUND OF SPRING"

A glade in the New Forest with a giant beech of ample girth and a May tree supporting a wealth of blooms on its slender stem

WHERE THE WILD PARSLEY BLOOMS

Pictures by Douglas Went

A delightful rural scene in the Stow Valley, near Flatford—the very heart of Constable's country. The rains of last week have given a new beauty and freshness to the land

SUMMER TRAVELLERS

MEXICAN LANDSCAPE: *Gay, and practical, and cheap: three cardinal virtues in one play suit that is the most exciting thing London has seen for many a day. In very heavy cotton, this white dress, checked with red and patterned with senoritas and cacti and sombreros, has come all the way from Los Angeles. It fastens down the front and is gauged at the waist, girdled with red cord. You will find it in the Debutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., where it costs 55s. and where there are similar play suits, with pleated apron fronts and Coollie coats, for 42s. complete*

EQUATORIAL EQUALISERS: *A linen suit in pink, blue, or yellow, with a short-sleeved jacket. It costs 8½ guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove, where the pure checked camel hair coat costs 7 guineas. It is a full-length swagger*

MOON MAGIC: *To set out to greet summer nights without one evening frock of diaphanous white is to sadly lack imagination, for nothing looks so lovely in moonlight. Here is a charmingly simple chiffon frock, with a graceful flowing skirt and a gauged bodice and draped shoulder straps continued down to the waist. It would be delightful on any petite woman, and it comes from the Small Sizes Department at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, W., where it is made in white, black, or a host of delicate pastel shades*

HOME-GROWN CHARM: *This is the sort of frock that people expect Englishwomen to wear, for it has a freshness and simplicity that infinitely becomes them. Made in navy organdie embroidered with white, its fluted skirt stands away from a taffeta slip, and the demure neck and sleeves are bordered with appliquéd leaves. The perforated kid belt is unexpectedly sophisticated, and the price is 6½ guineas. This, too, comes from Swan and Edgar*

BACK FROM PERU: Miss Dora Stafford, the well-known botanist, arranging some of her rare specimens on arrival home in London after a trip to the Andes where for the past eighteen months she has been collecting plants for the British Museum and Kew authorities, working at an altitude of over 15,000 ft.

IN TOWN: Mrs. Henry Luce, the American playwright, who has come to London with her husband, the publisher of those well-known U.S. journals, *Time* and *Life*

LONDON WEDDING: Twenty-three-year-old Stephanie Morton, noted photographic model, pictured as she left Caxton Hall after her marriage to Mr. S. K. Davies

SPORTS GIRLS OF 1938: U.S. tennis stars Alice Marble (*left*) and Sarah Palfrey Fabyan (*right*), who are over here for the Wimbledon Championships and the Wightman Cup contest, posed for these pictures the other day at their London hotel

MIDDLE EUROPE IN LONDON: His Excellency the Hungarian Chargé d'Affaires with seventeen-year-old Melinda Ottrubay, of the Hungarian State Opera, when she rehearsed at the Legation in preparation for her performance at the Legation "At Home"

THE FEMININE ANGLE

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MAJOR MORRIS ON THE "LOST HORIZON"

A Soldier-Scientist Escapes From the Modern World and Goes to Live Among the Lepchas

By VERNON FANE

IF the proper study of mankind is man, it may be remarked that there are all sorts and conditions of men. M. Paul Morand has pointed out that the heroic mould of the explorer is now an anachronism, since there is scarcely a portion of the earth inaccessible to modern transport. There are still primitive peoples living in remote places, but they are becoming few, and their numbers are constantly being reported as rapidly diminishing, which process cannot escape being recorded by the modern equivalent of missionaries, aided by batteries of cinematograph cameras.

Major Morris is a scientist who has in his time been concerned with Everest expeditions, during the course of which he came into contact with the Lepchas, a small and rapidly-declining tribe living in remote valleys in the Himalayas. The Lepchas are supposed to be the original inhabitants of Sikkim, but, except in the Talung valley and the Tibetan border, little remains of their primitive culture.

LIVING WITH LEPCHAS (Heinemann. 15s.) is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to social anthropology; but Major Morris does not tell his story along strictly scientific lines. His book is written for the general reader; and he will find plenty of people attuned to his own explanation that he is one "to whom civilisation (so-called) is a thing to be escaped from at all costs for as long and as often as possible."

The Lepchas are an easy-going, cheerful people of diminutive stature, and a very pleasant contrast to the assertive, energetic, war-like people who usually inhabit mountainous regions. The author describes how he was accepted into their community with every kind of friendliness and hospitality. "We Europeans," he says, "have forgotten to a great extent what it means to be happy," and he wanted to see "where we, in our ignorance and haste, made mistakes."

These happy Lepchas have many engaging qualities, but few which are likely to make for racial survival, and the author sees little hope that their habits of indolence, drunkenness, and self-indulgence will not eventually lead to their absorption by neighbouring peoples within a few generations.

Major Morris writes with a lively pen and a good deal of sympathy for the Lepchas, who took him in, showed him everything, and told him everything about their magical practices, family life, marriage customs, life histories, and festivals. Their marriage relations in particular proved to be extremely lax. Promiscuity is so generally accepted that most of them appeared to be related to one another.

The communal life, in these days when the gods of ideology are exalted above others, is here depicted in its rarest form, in which tolerance and indolence are the motive forces. The poet who cried, "Oh for an age so sheltered from annoy, That I may never know how change the moons, Or hear the busy voice of commonsense," may have lived happily with Lepchas. Major Morris has written a book which is an oasis of comfort in an uncomfortably regimented world.

Miss G. B. Stern calls her new book THE UGLY DACHSHUND (Cassell. 6s.) and 20,000 dachshund owners will want to know the reason why, for obviously there is no such thing. They can be elegant, grotesque, sturdy, beautiful, comic, and invariably witty; but ugly? NO!

Yet Miss Stern may be right, for Tono was nothing but a great dane who *thought* he was a dachshund and was amazed at the fragility of furniture and dinghys and was an awful sentimentalist which, of course, no dachshund could ever be. Tono, who had once seen a manifestation of Great Dog in a looking glass, was the blandly trusting type, not likely to be influenced by the cynicism of Voltaire, the griffon, a misanthrope if there ever was one.

He continued to romp, rather too weightily, with Elsa, a bona fide if sea-going dachshund, and to imagine he could leap upon laps and scuttle through legs (which in Miss Stern's idiom are of course Legs, sometimes even Supreme Legs).

Tono's awakening, and nothing less lyrical would describe it, came with the dawn of love, for he fell for another great dane, a heavy Nordic like himself, and the tale has a happy—and proportionate—ending.

Sooner or later all good novelists seem to fall for the animal ventriloquist line in fiction. As Dr. Johnson said on a famous occasion, what is surprising is not how well they do it, but that it should be done at all. There were moments in this story when I wished the whole pack of hounds would play proper hell with those Legs—Supreme and all!

In spite of its uninspired title MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is by no means a banal story. The setting is Budapest, but not the over-romanticised town of the travel folder and the tourist—Budapest as one of its own authors might have written of it.

To say that an author goes from strength to strength is occasionally true, and may be soon true of Mr. John Brophy. At present his progress is even more interesting, though possibly less assured, than that. Each novel is a recognisable advance on the preceding one in confidence, in maturity, in humour and technique. At this rate Mr. Brophy is set fair to becoming a first-rate novelist, and that is not a term I use lightly.

In this novel he attempts a very difficult feat: to write of the relations between an Englishman and a Hungarian, but not solely from the English point of view. To do that a writer must be objective and uncannily observant. He must be without prejudice to an almost inhuman degree and capable of apprehending the thought processes of an utterly different type from his own.

It is not, in other words, money for jam, but when an author has set himself such a task it is more than interesting to see how far he has been successful in mastering it.

Edmund Croft, the Englishman of the story, is an artist visiting Budapest for the second time, with a commission to paint the portrait of a rich man's daughter. She is young and gay and beautiful and he dislikes her quite wholeheartedly. Her lover's wife, on the other hand, is quiet, dignified and with a sense of elegance that revolts against clandestine affairs. Even divorce and re-marriage with a man she both loves and respects are outside her code of behaviour and her little daughter's future seems to provide a final obstacle to her happiness.

With a bungled suicide and a great deal of argument a solution is finally reached, and it is to Mr. Brophy's credit that this solution has just enough of compromise, of anti-climax and half measure about it to convince one of its reality. The story, which has been concerned with passions and rivalries, ends in a diminuendo which is not the least telling part of the author's achievement and, as it were, the hall-mark of its value.

An American has said of English novels that they are well mannered to the point of anæmia, and so reticent and gentlemanly that they fail in the first essential of novel writing, which, he says, is to stir the reader out of that lethargy which is his natural condition.

The trouble seems to be that when English authors do depart from their quietly familiar style they are apt to overrun themselves and indulge in an almost shocking display of pyrotechnic prose. This wordiness conceals nothing of significance and has even less relation to vitality than the other, more conservative style.

In general, and I admit that that is a dangerous way of writing, the vast saga form is more fitted to the American and Scandinavian genius than to the purely English. It does not fit our writers and they feel uncomfortable in it. The nearer focus and the more intimate framework are the more natural choice for the English novelist, and it is within those limits that the most successful contemporary works have been written.

In THUNDER HILL (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.) Miss Marjorie Booth has chosen the small radius of a domestic situation between a man and two women and, with as little respect as possible to the American critic's dictum, she would have made a far better book of it by paying a little less attention to emotion and a little more to form.

As a girl of twenty, Claire was engaged to the local veterinary surgeon, a likeable man with an unsuspected weakness for promiscuity. Shortly before his marriage to Claire, and on the traditionally rainy afternoon, he had an affair with a chocolate-box blonde which Claire forgave him. Within a year this girl dies giving birth to his child, a daughter, and with great resolution Claire adopts her and attempts to keep something solid and worth while out of the wreckage of her marriage.

Roger, who like so many of the masculine men of fiction is a snivelling sentimentalist at heart, makes things impossibly difficult for Claire, presents her with the sordid evidence for a divorce and goes out of her life for fourteen years. When they meet again it is to re-marry, but Miss Booth, having an Old Testament sense of justice, allows them only a few days' happiness before she fells Roger and leaves Claire to an utterly blank future.

With no humour, and characters who are too dimensional, it is surprising that this novel is so readable, and that is probably due to a very different factor, for Miss Booth has an undoubted gift for story-telling.

Glasgow has had its share of biographers and literary recorders, and lately these have tended to the sensational in their reports. Any city of that size and importance offers opportunities for drama, and in the case of Glasgow these opportunities have been fully exploited. *(Continued on page 532)*

This England . . .

Castleton—Derbyshire

MERE antiquity is not a virtue in itself. Cradled in tradition, we are apt to think that anything old is therefore good. Yet is there much sentimental nonsense over things "Olde Englysshe"; take but to witness the clutter of "Ye olde Antique shoppe" that thrives thereon, or new-built ingle-nooks in which none but a mannikin could sprawl beside the (electric) blaze. Still, we have much that is old and good, the wit of man having devised no better way than that found by his fathers in their need. Simple things often — the harness of a horse, the judgment of a man by his peers upon a jury, the brewing of good beer. Of this last we may speak knowingly, for the method of brewing your Worthington has not changed these centuries past — nor has that glorious beer been bettered yet.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

IS THIS WISE? A car park in the centre of the divided strip on the new Bristol–Gloucester arterial road seems at first sight a good idea, but there is the ever-present danger of cars attempting to manœuvre in or out of it getting in the way of the fast traffic this road is intended to carry

THE ALVIS 12–70

On Test with a Car Born of Racing Experience

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I HAVE just spent a very interesting week-end at the wheel of a 12–70-h.p. Alvis. This car provides an answer to any doubting Thomas who has a hazy idea as to whether motor racing improves the breed. This Alvis is quite a remarkable vehicle, for it is engined with a 12-h.p. 4-cylinder engine and, although the chassis is burdened with a well-proportioned saloon body, it cruises along quite quietly and happily at close on 70 m.p.h. Its maximum speed by the speedometer, so far as I was able to ascertain, was 83 m.p.h.

I like a fast car, but unless I can get speed with safety I prefer to travel slowly. The Alvis holds the road like a leech, it will take corners as if it were on rails, and its brakes are sure, progressive, and effective. The steering is geared so that the car can be placed exactly where the driver wants it to go without having to turn the steering wheel through fantastic angles. The designers, too, have made a thoroughly good job of the suspension system. I would not call the springs harsh, yet at speed round corners they are stiff enough to prevent any roll or bouncing.

The Alvis Company made their mark in the motor world when they won a 200-miles race at Brooklands many years ago and their success on that occasion was with a 4-cylinder engine, so that it is not surprising to find that this latest 4-cylinder model of theirs is a real winner. There probably are other cars with engines of the same size that will give something like the same performance, but it is the way in which the Alvis does its job that satisfies the driver. All the controls work nicely, they are well positioned, and at no time does the engine become fussy. The car can scarcely be included in what I might term the low price market, but the selling price is more than fair to a customer, for he obtains an article which does a real good job of work and does it in a thoroughly nice manner.

THE NEW FORD V-8 "30" SALOON: A distinctive new appearance, contributed to by a fresh frontal treatment and the streamline curve to the rear panel, is one of the features of this new double-entrance saloon. The body is longer and provides still more space for six passengers and luggage

We have heard a lot recently about plans for the roads of the future, and in this connection I hope to make a few remarks regarding the Bressey Report next week, but what we would all like to see done and that fairly quickly would be to make the best of our existing roads. Sheer stupidity is preventing some of the recently constructed by-passes from being utilised for their original purpose.

Take, for instance, the new by-pass starting near Kew Gardens and leading to Hanworth. At the Kew end it starts off as a single carriage-way road governed by a 30-m.p.h. speed limit. No one can take any exception to the imposition of the limit for the few hundred yards where it applies. Then the road is de-restricted over the new Twickenham river bridge and until it meets one of the cross-roads leading to the Rugby Union Football Ground. For some extraordinary reason the road again becomes restricted and in about 200 yds. it is constructed as a dual carriage-way road. The 30-m.p.h. limit apparently remains in force for the next three or four miles and for the greater part of this distance there is not a house bordering it. There is very little traffic, practically no pedestrians, so why drivers should be asked to travel along this excellent new highway at this ridiculously low speed passes comprehension.

The R.A.C. and the A.A. at one time were very active in representing to the Ministry that the 30-mile limit should be lifted from certain sections of roads which were really quite safe for higher speeds, but I do not appear to have heard of any recent activity of theirs in this direction. There must be hundreds of stretches of road where the limit is still applied in a perfectly ridiculous manner and I have no doubt that there are an equal number of stretches where the 30-mile-an-hour limit should be imposed where at the moment drivers are allowed to go along at any speed they think fit. The representations which the motoring bodies made previously were quite successful and I think that they might still be able to persuade the Ministry to make further alterations for the benefit of all road users.

Another car I recently tested was one of the Daimler new Fifteens. The Fifteen is the smallest car in the Daimler range and it has recently been completely redesigned. Somehow or other, the general public are apt to think that Daimlers only make very large town carriages and that they are unusually silent and smooth. Such attributes are definitely possessed by these big Daimlers, but the Fifteen, which I drove, was likewise smooth and silent. It was quite a roomy car and would definitely do duty for taking people from place to place in towns and cities, but it had a dual personality.

When the driver requires it, it is a sleek fast-moving car, which will eat up miles of country roads in a most satisfying manner. If anyone ever thought a Daimler was slow, a drive in this Fifteen would soon show that a speedometer speed of 75 m.p.h. could be attained. At speeds anywhere around this mark the car was pleasant and sat on the road like a well-built sports model. It never became fussy and the designers have managed to give it a suspension which is flexible enough to satisfy the town user and yet is hard enough to please the driver indulging in speed. I noticed that this new car is fitted with independent front-wheel suspension and this probably accounts for the excellent springing.

This Daimler fairly bristles with good qualities, but I think the one that pleased me most was the braking system. Daimlers have always had good brakes, although to the untutored eye the comparatively small brake-drums might give an opposite impression, but this latest model definitely has brakes which I am sure have never been bettered in any car, irrespective of price. To me brakes are even more important than the power unit. Those on this Daimler were just a treat to operate, and they gave me such confidence that I had no hesitation in using all the power that the engine gave me.

The usual Daimler fluid fly-wheel and pre-selector gear-box were fitted, and I found it was just as much a treat to use these units as ever before. The only criticism I could offer is that the steering had just a little more back-lash in it than I would choose, but I rather fancy that the car has been kept fairly busy and probably driven rather hard by a lot of people. I am perfectly certain that Daimlers have never produced any car which was more enjoyable to drive than this new Fifteen.

Nowadays, engine design is very different from what it was even a few years ago. Engines in those days had large clearances, inefficient oil-pumps, and crank-cases which no one could really consider oil-tight. It has always been known that thin oils are preferable but conditions such as I have mentioned would have made their use extremely expensive. Nevertheless the Shell Company adhered to the lighter oil policy because it realised that as engine design and manufacture advanced, the demand for lighter oils would appear.

Thin oil will increase power output and save fuel; in fact, Ricardo, the well-known research engineer, proved for the Shell Company that it is possible to get 10 per cent. more power by running on a thin oil. The petroleum technicians have discovered new ways of refining in order to produce a lubricating oil that is not only thin when cold but does not get unduly thin when running at engine temperatures.

Shell chemists developed with great success their improved solvent extraction process, which is used in the new plant at Shellhaven, Essex. Last October this plant came into operation, with the result that a great many motorists have enjoyed improved starting during the past winter. The summer grade of this new Shell oil will continue to give motorists the satisfactory results they have obtained during the past winter.

Extensive arrangements have been made by the Automobile Association and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club to assist motorists visiting the Empire Exhibition which opened at Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, last month. A folder containing four distinct maps has been prepared for issue to members on request. Routes and mileages to the exhibition from the principal towns in the country are given. A plan of the city of Glasgow shows the best ways to Bellahouston Park, while details of a number of recommended drives in the neighbourhood are also included.

Nearly 200 special road signs are being erected by the A.A. and R.S.A.C. to direct traffic on the approach roads, approved by the City of Glasgow police, where A.A. road patrols will also be on duty to assist members.

Routes, A.A. maps, general touring and other information will be available in the exhibition grounds from a kiosk which will be maintained by the two organisations. Situated directly opposite the main Paisley Road west entrance, this kiosk will occupy one of the most prominent sites in Bellahouston Park and will remain open during the whole run of the exhibition.

CALIFORNIANS' SUMMER RUSH: Thousands of bathers are now giving Los Angeles county beaches a midsummer appearance. This picture shows thousands of cars winding along Roosevelt highway from Santa Monica along the Malibu coast

"Record breakers have learned that thinner **lubricants liberate more power.** **The new** lighter **grades of Patent Castrol pass on the benefits of racing experience to the motoring public"**

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THE QUINS ARE FOUR YEARS OLD

And Now Their Parents are Going to Live with Them

THEIR BABY DAYS OVER: Annette (*left*), who has a flair for dressing up and likes playing "going places," and Emilie (*right*), with the sparkling eyes. Two of the famous quins of Callander, Ontario, who have just celebrated their fourth birthdays and are shortly going to a new home, where they will live under the same roof as their parents

FROM NOW ON TO BE UNDER ONE ROOF: Yvonne (*left*), said to be the most spirited of the quins, and her father, Mr. Oliva Dionne (*right*), who is seen in a New York hotel writing letters to his family, which includes his half-dozen or so less famous children as well as the incomparable five. Mr. Dionne was away from home on a shopping trip

CECILLE PONDERS: A charming pose by one of the Dionne youngsters. Their fourth birthdays were celebrated on May 28

THE quins are in the news again. In the first place because they are four years old—another milestone in their phenomenal careers—and secondly because a four-point "treaty of peace" has just been signed between their state guardians and their father, Mr. Oliva Dionne, who has up to now been objecting to the arrangements. The "treaty" provides: (1) that a member of the Ontario Government's architectural staff be set to work to draft plans for a large new house at Corbeil, five miles from Callander, the present home of the children, to house them, their parents, and the other Dionne children; (2) that Mr. Dionne be given the right to reject or confirm appointments to the teaching and nursing staffs; (3) that he withdraw his protest against the engagement of Nurse Louise Corriveau; and (4) that Miss Nora Rouselle, who was recently appointed the quintuplets' teacher, be released after the completion of a film which will soon be begun.

The latest report does not state to what extent the quins will remain isolated in the new building.

WISTFUL MARIE: An appealing picture taken to mark the occasion of her fourth birthday. She is the quietest of the five

THE QUINS' GOVERNESS: Miss Nora Rouselle, who under the new arrangements for the quins has been released from her post

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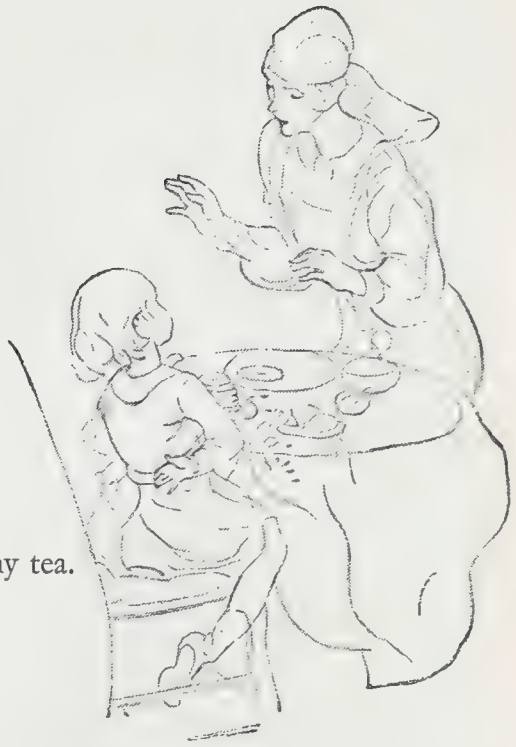
Crumpets for Tea



Bessie says it's messy

Having crumpets with my tea.

Bessie says it's messy

That's what Bessie says to me.

But I simply love my crumpets

With a salt that's crisp and dry,

And I can't stop eating crumpets

However hard I try.

Bessie says it's messy

Even eating buttered toast,

But I don't get very angry

'Cos it's crumpets I like most,

And I'll go on eating crumpets,

Yes, even when I die;

For there's nothing half so 'licious

When the salt is crisp and dry.

CEREBOS SALT
for children of all ages

The Rise of GLYNDEBOURNE

The Opera House on the Sussex Downs Grows with the Growth of its Public

Drawn by Percy Home

THE NEW GLYNDEBOURNE: A drawing showing Mr. John Christie's Manor House home on the Sussex Downs, and rising behind it and to the side of it the latest extensions to the opera house he built some years ago and which has since gained such an importance in the world of music. Last month Mr. Christie started his fifth festival with Verdi's *Macbeth*, which had never before been produced in this country, and during the coming weeks it will be the scene of many a brilliant production

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT at Glyndebourne is represented by the building work seen in these two pictures which also reveal something of the beauty of setting of this opera house on the Sussex Downs. Referring to this remarkable place when it first came into being J. Wentworth Day wrote: "And now comes Mr. John Christie with a new and native opera house. Here, indeed, is a personal work in the true aristocratic mode. Built to his own design, as a wing to his own mansion, its component parts fashioned by his own workmen, it must inevitably occupy a unique place in the history of music. Mr. Christie—of the lines of the Earls of Portsmouth and Lovelace, owner of 8,000 acres, inheritor of a fortune—picks up, after fifty years, that individual thread of aristocratic patronage which in the past built the very bone and fabric of British art"

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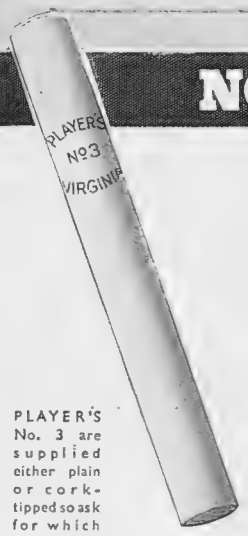

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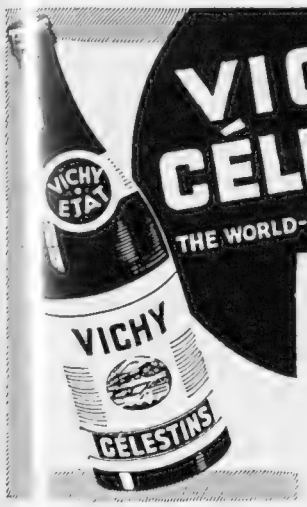

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Rhineland

Country of Beauty and Romance

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Rhine Valley · Ruhr Valley · Lower Rhine · Bergisch Land · Eifel Ahr Valley · Sieg Valley · Moselle Saar Valley · Seven Mountains · Nahe Hunsrück · Rhenish Westerwald

The Rhine in Flames

Lower Rhine, June 11th - Seven Mountains, July 2nd
Middle Rhine, July 30th

Aachen (Aix la Chapelle) — The town of Charlemagne — The well-known spa — International horse-show (12 to 21. August).

Düsseldorf - on the banks of the Rhine - the fashionable cosmopolitan city famed for its artists colony and for the beauty of its parks and gardens celebrates its 650 th anniversary in a Festival Week with special entertainments from August 12 to 21.

Wuppertal (Elberfeld-Barmen) — twin city with the unique Suspension Railway — cultural centre of the Bergisch Land — Zoo.

Köln (Cologne) - hospitable Rhenish metropolis - venerable Hansa city with world famous Cathedral and countless churches, museums and collections harbouring the heritage of a 2000 year old civilisation. Happy days - gay evenings! Delightful excursions to the romantic countryside of the Rhine. Pleasant hours in the terrace cafes beside the river bank.

Bonn - Beethoven's birthplace, fair town of the Muses, largest terrace gardens on the Rhine, famous University.

Bad Godesberg - Kur and Congress town opposite the delightful scenery of the Seven Mountains and the frowning crags of the „Drachenfels".

Honnef/Rhöndorf - the Health Resort at the foot of the Seven Mountains - favourite centre for holiday makers.

Bad Neuenahr - Thermal springs, cures for diabetes, ailments of the gall and liver, kidney, stomach and intestinal troubles, imposing Kurhaus and well-kept public gardens.

Rengsdorf - lovely health resort in Rhenish Westerwald.

Andernach - Extensive parks along the Rhine, Namedy fountain - the greatest cold spring on the Continent - gateway to the Eifel district and Lake Laach.

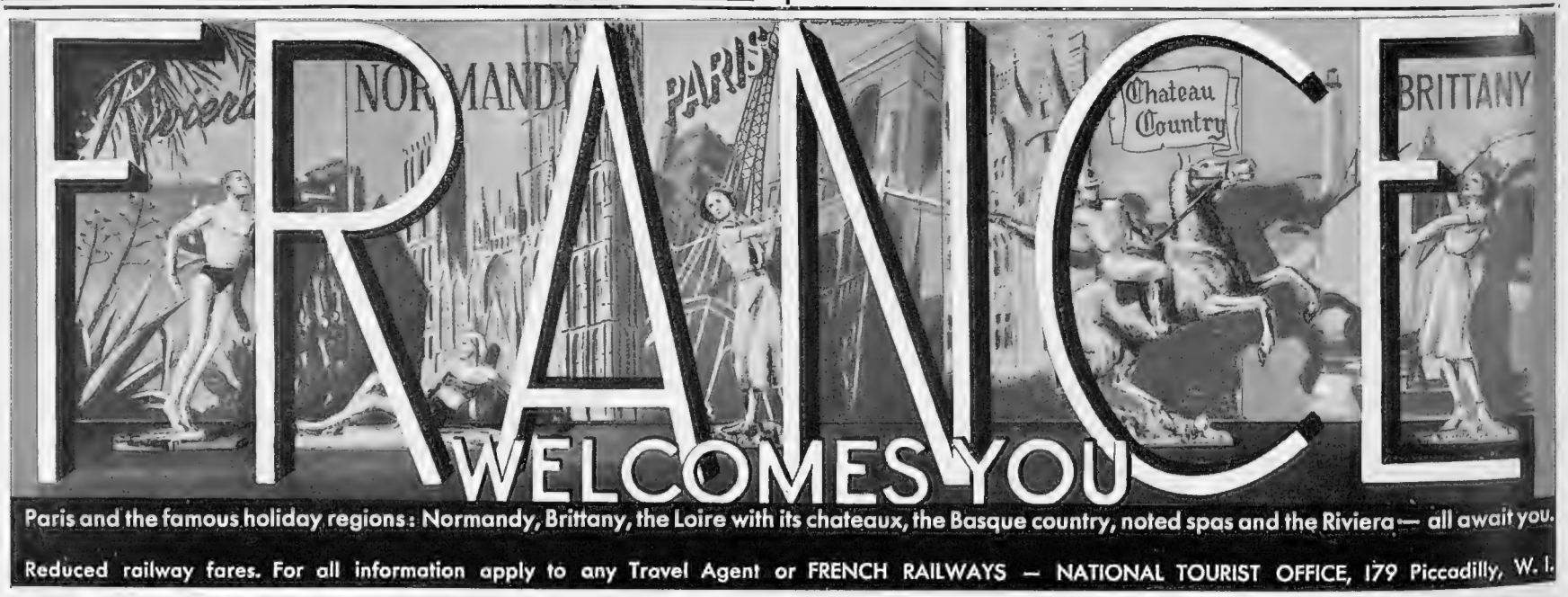
Koblenz (Coblence) — at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle — Deutsches Eck — daily vintage festivals in the Wine Village.

Boppard — charming Holiday resort amidst the most romantic countryside of the Rhine Valley.

Bad Münster am Stein - near Bingen on the Rhine - watering place with thermal, saline and radium springs curing gout, rheumatism, sciatica, women's ailments, catarrh.

Trier on the Moselle - the oldest city in Germany, renowned edifices and monuments dating from Roman times, from German Mediaeval and late Renaissance days.

ESSEN
May to October
Reich Garden Show
Exhibition of German Horticulture



GLORY OF HYDERABAD: The stately Char Minar, with its four great minarets towering above the streets, epitomises the rare beauty of architecture in the Indian native states. It was built in 1591

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

TOURING INDIA'S NATIVE STATES

A Fascinating Travel Realm—How to Get There and What to See

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

ON THE RAJPUT OLYMPUS: The rich marble carving of the interior of one of the temples at Dilwara, Mount Abu, Rajputana, the holiest place of pilgrimage for Indian followers of the Jaina faith

THERE must be very few people who, with the time and means to do so, would not grasp the opportunity of a visit to India, an Oriental land the glamour of which has thrilled the minds of millions of people in the West for generations. Ancient buildings, dating back to civilisation's dawn, temples of wondrous carving and design, associated with the faiths of Hindus, Buddhists and Jains, mosques of massive fabric, memorials of the Moslem creed, stately palaces, some of purest marble, a heritage of the great days of India's Mogul kings, and mighty fortresses, bygone strongholds of Rajput chivalry are witnesses to-day of India's great past in the realm of history and religion. Then there is the mystic side of India's present-day religious life—the system of Yoga, in which, by the practice of hypnotism and self-mortification, the Yogi devotee attains and demonstrates extraordinary powers, and here are the strangely varying forms of the ritual of the many different faiths to accentuate the interest which the diversity of its many peoples in costume, customs, and language is bound to excite.

Variety is also a characteristic of the Indian climate, which is but natural, seeing that the country extends from the Himalayas in the north, embracing the highest mountain peaks in the world, and, with the great Gangetic Plain, well within the temperate zone, to lands in Southern India which are within from eight to twelve degrees of the Equator. There are three types of weather very distinct in northern and a good deal of central India—cool and dry, hot and dry, and hot and wet, the latter being known as monsoon time, and fortunately the cool and dry weather, the Indian winter, synchronises with our winter, thus making the greater part of India ideal for a winter holiday, whilst in tropical southern India, with its hot and equable climate, the heat is less during the winter months. So it happens that the winter visitor to India from this country exchanges a cold, damp winter climate for one with warm, dry and sunny days and cool nights, and outdoor life is exceedingly pleasant.

It is then, too, that one has an opportunity of seeing the Indian country-side at its best, for the heavy rains of the monsoon are over.

The Indian winter, too, is the time of greater activity in the towns and cities. Rulers and their officials have returned from residence in the summer capitals among the mountains, buildings have been brightened up to greet them, trade is brisk, and in the bazaars, with their kaleidoscopic crowds, you will see the Indian craftsmen at their best.

AN ANCIENT HINDU SHRINE HEWN FROM THE LIVING ROCK: The great temple of Kailas at Ellora, one of the show places of Hyderabad state

THE TEMPLE OF JAGHT SARWANT, its steps worn by the feet of countless pilgrims, is situated at Jaipur—the chief tourist centre of Rajputana

THE TOWERING FORT OF GWALIOR, which many account among the major wonders of India, occupies a precipitous, flat-topped, and isolated hill of sandstone rising to a height of 300 ft. and commanding extensive views

INTRICATE MOSAICS, showing costumes worn in the princely India of yesterday, adorn this palace at Udaipur

There are several ways of reaching India. You can travel by the weekly service of the P. & O. Company to Bombay from either London or Marseilles, or by the Anchor and Ellerman Lines from Liverpool to Bombay, monthly; or to Calcutta and Madras by the Ellerman Line, or by the British India Line, with two or three sailings a month; and there are frequent sailings to Colombo, from which one crosses by rail and steamer to Southern India, by vessels of the Bibby, P. & O., Orient, City and Hall, and Blue Funnel.

Then there is the overland, via Iraq, route, by which you travel from Calais to Istanbul, Haidar Pasha, Adana and Aleppo to Tel Kotchek, and from there, by regular automobile service, to Kirkuk, then taking train again to Bagdad and Basrah, and from Basrah to either Karachi or Bombay by steamer. The journey is a six-day one to Bagdad, seven-day to Basrah, fifteen-day to Karachi, and seventeen-day to Bombay, and it is one of great interest. The journey to India by air is now becoming popular, especially in view of the recent speeding-up on the route. The time now occupied on the flight to Karachi is two days and nine hours.

In India, you can travel by rail or by road to any place you wish to see, and you can travel in luxury, certainly, by rail, for not only are the 1st-class carriages fitted with lavatory and shower bath, electric fans and lighting, with windows equipped with glass, with wire gauze—to keep out flies and other insects, and for admitting air—and with Venetian blinds—to regulate the glare and sunlight to suit the occupants' wishes.

As for what to see in India, I turn first to the premier state in India, Hyderabad, with its picturesque capital of the same name situated on the river Musi and ringed round with rocks of granite, its fine public buildings, the stately Char Minar, and the massive Mecca Masjid, a mosque capable of accommodating 10,000 worshippers! Near Hyderabad City are the beautiful Osman Sagar and Himayet Sagar Lakes; and the fortress and ruined city of Golconda, with its tombs of the Qutb Shahi dynasty, and once world-famed for its diamonds.

South of Hyderabad, in the great state of Mysore, and ten miles distant from the capital, Mysore City, with its beautiful palace of the Maharajah, is Seringapatam, once the stronghold, in turn, of Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan, in the dungeons of which British prisoners of war were once chained.

In the state of Bhopal, in Central India, is the great Stupa (or pagoda) erected by the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, 250 B.C., one of the noblest memorials of ancient India, and due north of Bhopal, in the state of Gwalior, which has been termed the "Heart of India," near Gwalior Station, on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway main line from Bombay to Delhi, is the stupendous rock fortress of Gwalior.

Jodhpur, capital of the Rajput state of that name, has a rose-pink fortress castle built on a rocky eminence rising 400 ft. above the surrounding country, and the state of Jaipur has a fascinating capital, Jaipur city, walled, and with splendid palaces built of pink stone.

Finally, in Rajputana, too, in the state of Sirohi, on Mount Abu, an outlying spur of the Aravalli Range, 5,650 ft. above sea level at its highest point, is the "Abode of the Gods," a veritable Rajput Olympus, temples of wondrous design, delicacy of carving and richness of ornament, set amidst scenery of exquisite beauty. These temples of Dilwara form the holiest place of pilgrimage for those of the Jaina faith, there are five of them in all, and of these, two are unrivalled in the whole of India.

A ROMANTIC SPOT: There is a wistful air of antique charm about this moss-grown terrace overlooking the Cauvery River at Seringapatam

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★ 12 hours a day surrounded by water, yet never isolated.
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In Quest o

Holidaymaking on the Devon an
East and West Looe : Do

LOOE, to my mind, is one of the most lovable of Cornwall's show places, excepting in the month of August, when cars, charas and cycles, like wasps entering a honey pot, crawl into Looe and find it a very sticky business emerging again.

Actually, it is probably more correct to speak of "the Looes," for East and West Looe are very definitely divided by its river, which is of sufficient importance and size to harbour a fishing fleet; and as a consequence, the connecting bridge between the two lies a quarter of a mile back.

Both Looes have their points. West Looe supporters will point to their selectiveness and their airy position on the cliff. East Looe will tell you that they are in the centre of the picture and on the water's edge. At one end of East Looe's tiny promenade lies, ensconced behind its own walls, the Boscarn Hotel. Certainly the Boscarn Hotel occupies *the* strategic position on Looe's sea-wall.

The house is literally built out of the solid rock. With the baronial effect of the ballroom and castellated winding staircase, there is a distinct feeling of being king or queen of one's own castle. And even on such an impossible day as August Bank Holiday, there is complete tranquillity from the burly-burly without.

On the other hand, there is nothing oppressively heavy about the Boscarn. Each bedroom has been almost luxuriously furnished, and practically all have the most perfect views over the blue waters of this usually tranquil bay. Here, in this little sanctuary and sun-trap, will be found a very individual touch. Mrs. Burlingham, who with her husband are the resident directors, has only two hobbies—cooking and comfort. Here, at the Boscarn, she happily combines both.

Fresh eggs, poultry, and everything else which can be obtained fresh come from a nearby farm, and while one looks forward to and rather expects the goodness of the countryside in hospitable Cornwall, it does come as a pleasant surprise to find this same produce being sent daily to that other delightful hotel of the Burlinghams in London, the Dorset Square Hotel, which lies just off Baker Street.

This section of the Cornish coast is so close to the Devon border that it will be found to be an admirable centre for a Devon-cum-Cornwall holiday, with Dartmoor and the Dart both within striking distance.

As an alternative to Looe, there is a small but very delightful halting place at Downderry, which though designating itself as a guest-house is run on such excellent lines that it more than qualifies for the nomenclature of "hotel."

The Wide Sea Guest House — for such is its name—has widely earned for itself a wide reputation, and I cannot do better than quote from the second edition of my Devon, Cornwall and Somerset *Let's Halt Awhile*, recently published:

"I arrived for the first time one Sunday night—a wet and weary wayfarer, but as soon as I walked in I sensed a high degree of comfort, warmth, efficiency . . . and friendship.

"No first-class hotel could have treated me better. An excellent little dinner

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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We live in a land of beauty, famous dales, 'fish-full' rivers, and towering peaks, surrounded by thousands of acres protected by the National Trust. Here is the "See" Holiday Centre perfect. Free golf, tennis, dancing, croquet, bowls. Here are all the incidental pleasures of living, where the daily average of visitors all the year is well over 200. Holiday this year at

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Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

HASTINGS

QUEEN'S HOTEL—Leading and Best

Sea Front. *Telephone: 201*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Cornwall Coast: The Charms of Derry a Delightful Halting Place

was the prelude to a perfect night. There was an electric fire in my room, a hot-water bottle in my bed. The mackerel for breakfast was so fresh that it might have jumped straight out of the sea into the frying-pan; and if ever anyone deserves—and will assuredly meet with—success, it is the extremely experienced proprietress, Miss W. M. Eliott, and her friend."

It was when I was last in this direction that I found myself driving from Okehampton towards Exeter, and some few miles out of the former town I spotted a sign-post on the right directing one to the tiny village of Belstone. As I often get inquiries for places off the beaten track, here is one that is surely ideal, for Belstone is utterly unspoilt, it is a wonderfully healthy spot, and yet it is so convenient and so near to everything that one could if one was forced to, go to London and back in a day and have four hours in town to do the essentials.

Here at Belstone are two guest-houses which would prove ideal for those who appreciate the pursuits of the country, enjoy the scenery and air of Dartmoor, and yet when the mood dictates want to run into civilisation again. Not that Well Park and Taikoo, the two guest-houses I am referring to, are by any means uncivilised—they are the very reverse. The beds are most comfortable, the food is good and plentiful, and if you want something in the nature of a surprise you should stay at Taikoo. Mrs. Terry, who runs it is a lover of China and all things Chinese, and Taikoo is exactly like a Chinese house, both inside and out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are selections from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

E.E.B., Skelmorlie.—Thank you so much for pointing out the error in one of my recent articles. The municipal information bureau, from which further particulars as regards hotel accommodation in Glasgow can be obtained, should of course have read "St. Enoch's Square" and not "Knox Square."

E.P.D., South Kensington.—I quite agree with you, Suffolk is a good county to wander in at the week-ends. The roads are unfrequented and there is little sign of overbuilding. An hotel which you will be very attracted by next time you are in the Newmarket area is the Bull Inn at Barton Mills, 69 miles from London and 8 miles north-east of Newmarket. Here you will find a most excellent blending of old and new. It is an hotel which is full of the history of the past and all the comforts of the present. Golf can be had close by on the Royal Worlington Links, and trout fishing on the Lark is not far away.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

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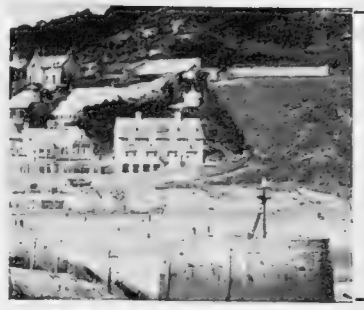

French windows thrown open . . .
sun pouring in, blue skies and sea. Colourful days of perfection await you in June or July especially, at

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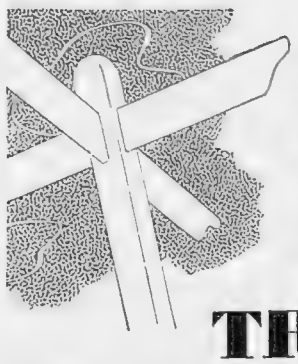

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First-Class Family and Residential Hotel

Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Garage for 40 Cars.
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In Quest of

The Renowned L.M.S. Group Planning a Holiday Tou

IT would be inconceivable to write a series of articles about travelling and holiday-making in Scotland without mentioning the famous group of L.M.S. hotels which have impressed their personality so distinctly on all parts of the Scottish countryside.

The most famous of them is of course Gleneagles, and almost equally well known are the Caledonian Hotel in Edinburgh and the Central Hotel in Glasgow. But the object of this article is not so much to repeat the praises of places which are already well known as to help SPHERE readers to discover for themselves places which they may not as yet have heard about. So beyond saying that Gleneagles is really one of the finest hotels in the world, and that the Caledonian and the Central are each among the leading hotels in their respective cities, we will consider some of their more remote cousins.

One of the great advantages of the L.M.S. hotels in Scotland is that you can at least be certain of reaching your destination comfortably and reasonably quickly, for travelling—especially in the far north—is still a matter of some difficulty in many parts, but it is a maxim that where there is an L.M.S. hotel there you will find a railway, or at least a bus service which links you up with the nearest railway.

The Dornoch Hotel in Sutherland is certainly one which has caught my fancy on more than one occasion. Situated some sixty miles south of John o' Groats and a short distance of Inverness, it overlooks the quiet waters of the Dornoch Firth. I notice that the brochure describing this hotel uses with reference to it the phrase, "On top of the world," and this is indeed a picturesque description of its position.

There are more northerly hotels and I have stayed in a few of them, but the Dornoch Hotel is probably as far north as it will ever be possible to build a large first-class hotel. Dornoch itself is in that rather flat piece of country which skirts the east coast of Scotland from the River Oykell northwards to John o' Groats, but within some 15 miles you will find yourself in the heart of some of the wildest and most deserted mountain scenery to be found anywhere.

Needless to say, like most of the L.M.S. hotels, it offers admirable sporting facilities. In the hotel grounds is an 18-hole putting course and a croquet lawn. Close by are first-class tennis courts and two superb golf cours[e].

As a centre for touring, Dornoch may well be described as the st[rategic] headquarters of the far north. [Y]ou are within comfortable reach of Inverness, southwards, and John o' Groats, northwards, and all the romantic and b[eautiful] scenery which lies between the [two]. Incidentally, if I may give the mo[torist] in the far north a personal piece of [advice], on no account miss visiting the [Falls] of Shin, a little known and very b[eautiful] spot a few miles south of Lair[g] which is one of the most famous salm[on] leaps in the world. Here, fisherma[n] or no fisherman, you can lie on your [tummy] for hours watching these en[trancing]

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY HOTEL—and so convenient for the Exhib[ition]!

DUNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO
DUNBLANE Phone 161 PERTHSHIRE

On main North Road less than an hour's [run] from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Reconstructed [and] with every modern comfort. Largest privat[e] door Swimming Pool in Scotland, Golf (18 [holes]), Tennis, Bowling, Dancing, Orchestra. Fully Licensed. Under personal supervision o[f] R. R. Gillies, of Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld, an[d] Royal Hotel, Bridge of Allan.
Terms and Brochure from A. P. Tregenna, [Man]ager.

IN THE CLACHAN OF ABERFOYLE

In the Highlands of Rob Roy, this modern Hotel with the world-famous "Bailie's Bar." Situated at "The Gateway to the Highlands," ideal for visiting the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, etc. Fishing on Loch Chon and Loch Ard free to visitors. Open all the year. Fully Licensed. Only 27 miles from the Empire Exhibition. Story of "The Bailie" free with Tariff.
Resident Proprietor: Alastair D. Cameron,
'Phones: Aberfoyle **202-3.** *'Grams:* "ABUNDANCE, ABERFOYLE."

THE BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL

BRAEMAR (By Balmoral).

Over 1,100 feet above sea level.
For a restful and magnificent Holiday. Situated amongst Scotland's finest Scenery.

THE INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

Leading and Best.
Patronised by the Royal Family and the Court. 18-hole Golf Course. Tennis. Motor Garage.
Tel.: Braemar 203. H. & C. water throughout. Central Heating. *Resident Proprietor: J. GREGOR*

NORTH BERWICK

MARINE HOTEL

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE

Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Glasgow by road or rail. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage in grounds.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE : Manager W. A. THIEM : Telephone 366

PERTHSHIRE—CASTLE HOTEL, GLENDEVON

A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf 15 mins., 9 hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.

Good Hotels—II

ASHLEY COURTENAY

to be Borne in Mind When North of the Border

fish perform their manœuvres against the weight of tons of swirling water, and if you have a camera and great patience you may succeed in photographing one in full flight.

Across Scotland now to the Kyle of Loch Alsh; a veritable fortress of nature. Here you will find rugged coastline, dominated by jagged hills and multi-coloured waters and rocks. There are very few trees in this part, but you will not miss them, for in place of trees nature has given us a landscape of almost unequalled variety.

The hotel is what an hotel ought to be in such a situation. It is modern and comfortable, but not grand, and in complete accord with its surroundings. In some ways I regard the happy comfort of this place as one of the triumphs of the L.M.S. group.

Mid-way between Loch Alsh and Dornoch lies Strathpeffer, and here is the third of these far north hotels—the Highland Hotel, one of the most famous in Scotland. Its standard is in every way up to what one expects of the L.M.S., and the countryside and scenery which it commands is rather more intimate and thickly wooded than most parts of the Highlands. Strathpeffer, incidentally, is a spa. It must be one of the most northerly in the world and here those whom overwork has plagued with rheumatism, indigestion and many of the other ills of city life can submit themselves to the gentle curative properties of the sulphur and chalybeate waters.

Right at the opposite end of Scotland, south-west of Glasgow, you will find a lonely, rocky piece of coast, a little place which is famous for its warm weather and its wild birds, called Turnberry, and here, perfectly situated, you will find yet another L.M.S. hotel.

If I had to take my personal choice of all these hotels I should be tempted to say that my favourite was the Turnberry. Its standard of accommodation and service is the highest, and there is something which particularly appeals to me about this unparalleled situation. It is a fallacy to suppose that the weather is bad in Scotland. On the contrary, many parts of Scotland enjoy a much sunnier climate than much of England, but if ever you are in doubt about where to find sunshine north of the Tweed, your answer should be Turnberry.

Whether it was some artistic idea of nature's to complete a perfect piece of work, or whether it is the more prosaic fact of the close propinquity of the Gulf Stream, I have always found that this little corner of the Scottish coast is one of the mildest I know.

In conclusion, let me advise you before you make up your mind about which of these hotels you will choose, write not only for the brochure of the hotel which interests you, but for a little booklet published by Mr. Arthur Towle, the controller of the L.M.S. hotels, called *Behind the Lines*. This book describes most vividly some of the secrets of organisation which go to make the L.M.S. hotels so good.

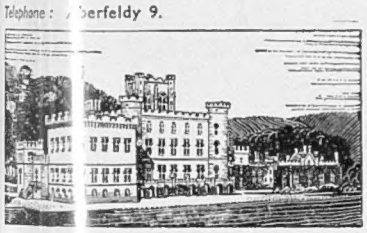
ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL
In the heart of the glorious Highlands with the comforts and enterprise of a modern palatial Hotel. Golf, Tennis, Swimming (indoor and out), Dancing, etc. Programme, "Highland Occasions," and Tariff free.
PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

LOCKERBIE HOUSE HOTEL
(25 miles North of Carlisle)
IS YOUR FIRST STOPPING PLACE IN SCOTLAND.
Phone: Lockerbie 150. *TARIFF ON APPLICATION.*

Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the
FOREST HILLS HOTEL
offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully Licensed.
LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

THOUSANDS of Sassenachs will visit Scotland this summer . . . and at The Marine we are waiting to show them Scotland at her best. A first-class hotel with a high standard of comfort, good cooking and good company, showing Scottish hospitality at its best, three first-class golf-courses at our door and five more within a radius of five miles, sandy beaches and bathing . . . and a fine climate with an abnormally low rainfall, all await you at
THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE
EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND
Moderate terms. Write now to E. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone: Gullane 106

OBAN
GREAT WESTERN HOTEL
R.S.A.C. A.A.**** R.A.C.
EVERYTHING THE MODERN TRAVELLER DEMANDS. GARAGE.
Telephone: Oban 4. Telegrams: "Western." *K. A. W. SLATER, Resident Manager.*

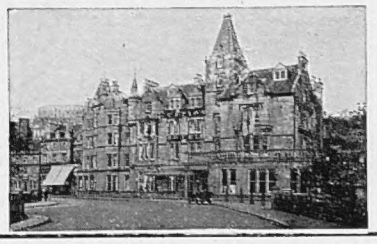
400 YEARS OLD—YET A MODERN HOTEL
Telephone: Aberfeldy 9.

Four centuries ago, Taymouth Castle stood guard against plundering highland clans. But now—beautifully decorated and furnished, it welcomes you as a first-class hotel. In its own private 500 acres you can golf on a course designed by Braid; fish, play tennis and badminton. And there's even a modern dance-floor. Spend a week or a week-end here this summer!
TAYMOUTH CASTLE
HOTEL
ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

BRAEMAR — FIFE ARMS HOTEL
Patronised by Royalty and the Court.
The Heart of Highland Scenery, standing 1,150 ft. above sea level.
Every comfort—every luxury—perfect service.
H. and C. water in Bedrooms.
Golf—Tennis—Salmon Fishing—Mountaineering.
'Phone 214. Appointed R.A.C., R.S.A.C., A.A. *Manager: R. U. Shand.*

PERTH—STATION HOTEL
(Adjoins Station)
100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating Throughout
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., V.M. appointments
Telephone: 741

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
CREAGDHU HOTEL
ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.
FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY
On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Bathing and Fishing for those who desire it. FULLY LICENSED.
Tel.: ONICH 38
Visitors - 37

PITLOCHRY
FISHER'S HOTEL
In own beautiful grounds amidst finest scenery in Perthshire Highlands.
Ideal for Restful Holiday.
Central heating throughout. Large Public-Rooms. Garage. 18-Hole Golf Course 10 minutes walk. Terms on application. *Telephone No. 12—Address Manageress.*

THE STATION HOTEL, OBAN

Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift. Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.
Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.
Telephone: 14.
Further Particulars apply Manageress.

ROYAL HOTEL • • TYNDRUM
Tel.: Tyndrum 2 PERTHSHIRE
800 ft. above sea level. Situated in the Hill Country of the beautiful Western Highlands on the new Glencoe Road.
Shooting, Salmon and Trout fishing • • Mountaineering
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. A. C. Stewart—Proprietor.

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DUNKELD, PERTHSHIRE
Midst the heather hills of the Sma Glen. Here is—wonderful scenery, peacefulness, and a cuisine above the average. Fishing attached to the hotel. And there are fish!
A perfect centre for the walker and the motorist.
Proprietor: Thomas Matheson. Telephone: Amulree 5.

EDINBURGH **THE ALISON HOTEL**
Melville Crescent
Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service.
Centrally situated.
Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 518)

SO THIS IS GLASGOW (Jackson. 3s. 6d.) reviews the situation from another, more everyday and at the same time more civilised angle. Mr. "Lemuel Swift Gulliver" is the *nom-de-plume* of a distinguished Glasgow journalist who has visited his own town with the inquiring mind and roving eye of a particularly intelligent tourist. He has disregarded his own knowledge of the place and attempted to see it with fresh eyes and few prejudices.

Moreover he has been thorough. No sight-seeing bus bears Mr. Gulliver through the city's streets, snatching at impressions and exhausted by the hurry. Restaurants and high teas, football matches and theatres, slums and museums are all on his visiting list, and the result is a pleasantly discursive little book, touched with a humour that is truly Scots.

BOOKS RECEIVED

W. ALDOR.—1938 IN EUROPE: Aldor's Entertaining Travel Annual. Edited by Eugene Fodor. Vols. I and II. 10s. 6d. BAYNARD PRESS.—ESSENTIALISM. 5s. CASSELL.—THIRSTY LAND. By Joan Sutherland. 8s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—MEN ARE SO HELPLESS. By Kate Mary Bruce. 7s. 6d. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—CAN I HELP YOU, MADAM? By Ethyle Campbell. 8s. 6d. COLLINS.—AMONG OTHERS. By Lord Elton. 10s. 6d. DENT.—GAY-NECK: The Story of a Pigeon. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrated. 5s. IN GREECE WITH PEN AND PALETTE. By Zabelle C. Boyajian. Illustrated. 15s. DUCKWORTH.—THE KAISER ON TRIAL. By George Sylvester Viereck. Illustrated. 21s. FABER & FABER.—AUSTRIA AND AFTER. By Franz Borkenau. 8s. 6d. EDINBURGH. By Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis Bamford. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE BIG SHOW. By Ernest Meder. 7s. 6d. GIFFORD.—WHY BRITAIN PROSPERS. By William Teeling. 10s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—THE TESTAMENT OF CALIBAN. By David Edstrom. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE HEART OF HERTFORDSHIRE. By Owen Hamilton. 5s. RAINBOW IN THE MORNING. By Ianthe Jerrold. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—THE CHILD OF DIVORCE. By Emile Cammaerts. 7s. 6d. ENCHANTED VAGABONDS. By Dana Lamb and June Cleveland. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. POMFRET TOWERS. By Angela Thirkell. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—MY LIFE. By Jean Batten. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. PRINCESS LIEVEN. By H. Montgomery Hyde. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. OVER THE NORTH POLE. By George Baidukov. Illustrated. 5s. HEINEMANN.—THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING. By Lin Yutang. 15s. PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT. By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated. 15s. A YOUNG MAN LOOKS AT EUROPE. By Robert Young. 10s. 6d. THE SILVER FOX. By Réné Hansard. 7s. 6d. HOGARTH PRESS.—THREE GUINEAS. By Virginia Woolf. 7s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—THE WAY TO THE PRESENT. By John van Druten. 10s. 6d. THE GREEN FOOL. By Patrick Kavanagh. 10s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE MASQUE OF KINGS: A play by Maxwell Anderson. 5s. LINDSAY DRUMMOND.—THE LORD GENERAL: A Life of Thomas Fairfax. By M. A. Gibb. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. LONGMANS.—SPAIN'S ORDEAL. By Robert Sencourt. 10s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—THE LETTERS OF MOZART AND HIS FAMILY. Arranged and edited by Emily Anderson. Vol. 1. 18s. METHUEN.—FLOWERS OF THE DESERT. By Harry A. Day. 5s. IN PRAISE OF SWEDEN. By Maxwell Fraser. 7s. 6d.

"THE HISTORIED ELYSÉE PALACE"

(Continued from page 498)

who were depicted nude, to be draped as they now appear. This drapery was added with such skill that it is impossible to tell that it was not included in the original weaving.

Farther still is the Salon du Conseil, in which the President receives the Ministers of the Cabinet every week.

When dinner is announced all the guests pass from these drawing-rooms to the great banqueting hall, or Salle des Fêtes. To reach this they go through the Salon Murat, a great room decorated in the style of the First Empire. Prince Murat, during his residence, had what were then the two last rooms in the palace made into one. It contains four very fine mural paintings by Carle Vernet, dated 1807.

Winifred Boulter

CHANGES IN THE FACE OF EDINBURGH

(Continued from page 512)

new erection is in keeping with the Greek influence of the High School so near. At present the structure is practically obscured by steel girders and scaffolding, and one can only be certain from plans that at least it will end by being massive and dignified, and built of granite and sandstone.

Another important mass of scaffolding being watched with a certain amount of anxiety is the new site of the National Bank of Scotland on the east side of St. Andrews Square. Standing as it will near the Royal Bank of Scotland, another beautiful piece of Adam work, and actually next to the original British Linen Bank, a magnificent piece of work built by David Bryce of about a century ago, with its beautiful columns and figures, an unneighbourly effect will be produced if it should dominate the old by sheer weight. But time will show.

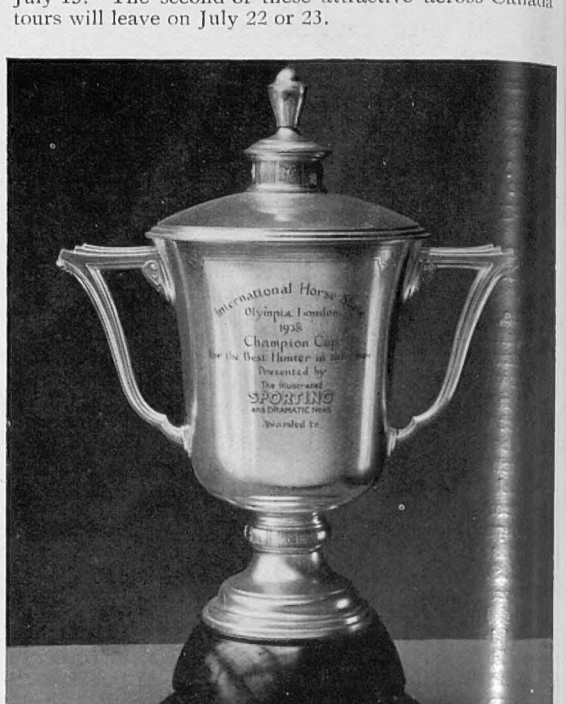
Of the streets to be greatly changed is George Street where modernity is utterly out of keeping. Speaking generally, however, the city as a whole has been well guarded against losing its character.

K. A.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys of good character are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. This is only one branch of the great work of the above Society, which during its ninety-five years of existence has sent out 34,169 young citizens trained to take their place in the world; 1,200 poor children are constantly being maintained in the various Homes and Training Ship. Will you please send donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, to help carry on this work?

British Visitors to Canada.—One of the largest parties of British holiday visitors to Canada which has yet set out westward bound left Liverpool on Friday, May 27, in the liner *Duchess of Richmond* at the commencement of a seven-weeks' tour of Canada. The tour, which is organised by the Canadian Pacific, is being personally escorted by an official of the company and will include visits to all the principal cities and beauty spots in the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A special feature is an extensive itinerary through the Rocky Mountains. The party will return to England in the *Duchess of Richmond*, arriving on July 15. The second of these attractive across-Canada tours will leave on July 22 or 23.



A GESTURE FROM FLEET STREET: This handsome trophy is being presented by *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and will be awarded for the best hunter in the International Horse Show to be held at Olympia from June 16 to June 25. The cup has been designed and manufactured for the donors by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. of Regent Street, W.1

Have You COCKROACHES??

Then Buy **"BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE.** Used in all parts of the Globe. Extermination Guaranteed. All Chemists, including Boots' Branches, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., or **Sole Makers: HOWARTHS, 473 Crookesmoor, SHEFFIELD, 10. Tins—1/6, 2/6, 4/6 post free.**

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Famous for 50 years
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TRAVEL BY
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SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
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RIVIERA, ITALY, EGYPT.
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Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

SPIEZ
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Delightfully situated on the Lake of Thun in the Bernese Oberland. Excellent excursion centre for motor drives and for the high mountains right up to the Jungfrau.
THROUGH TRAINS. ALL SPORTS. GOLF. TENNIS. BATHING BEACH. 15 HOTELS.
Terms en Pension 7.50 to 15.- Sw. Francs.

SPORTING PRINTS
The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.
Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.
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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—**Atlanta Hotel.**—First class. Central but very quiet. Cosy. Modern. All rooms with bath. Single 10/-, double 14/-. 200 rooms.

Brussels.—**Hotel Metropole.**—The leading hotel. The finest hotel rooms in the World.

Antwerp.—**Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—**Palace Hotel.**—Sea front. Near Golf, Casino. Bathing, Tennis. Special early season rates. Open Whitsun.

Knocke-Zoute.—**Rubens Hotel.**—Finest hotel facing sea. Near Casino, golf, tennis. Special early season rates; now open.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—**Hotel Imperial.**—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—**Hotel Königsvilla.**—The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Paris.—**Hotel Jubile,** 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Antibes.—**Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.**—Pavillon Eden Roc Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—**Cap Martin Hotel.**—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.—**Navirotel.**—Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel Regina.**—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—**Golf Hotel.**—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green fee.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—**Brenner's Stephanie.**—The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel, Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—**"Bellevue."**—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—**Bühlerhöhe.**—800 mt. (2,600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—**Holland Hotel.**—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Europe.**—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—**Hotel Reichshof.**—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—**Staatl. Kurhaushotel.**—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—**Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—**Hilbert's Park Hotel.**—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—**Hotel Augusta Victoria.**—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim. **Jeschke's Grand Hotel.** The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl. Kurhotel**—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Dresden.—**Hotel Bellevue.**—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—**Breidenbacher Hof.**—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B, fr. 9

Frankfort-on-Main.—**Hotel Excelsior.**—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—**Park Hotel.**—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.**—**Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—**Park Hotel "Alpenhof."**—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—**Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.**—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—**Hotel Ernst August.**—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—**Hotel Europe.**—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—**Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.**—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Königswinter o/Rh.—**Kurhotel Petersberg.**—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen fm Mks. 12.50.

Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—**Hotel Bad Schachen.**—First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Munich.—**Grand Hotel Continental.**—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—**Hotel "Der Königshof"** Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Munich.—**Hotel Grünwald.**—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—**Park Hotel.**—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—**Parkhotel Wehrle.**—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Nassauer Hof.**—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—**Palast Hotel.**—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Rose.**—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—**Eden Hotel.**—First class, in an excellent location overlooking park. Roof Garden.

Genoa. **Hotel Savoia Majestic.** Coupon d'hotel (A) at the Station.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—**New English Hotel.**—Ideal positn. Sun blenies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—**Palace Hotel.**—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—**Metropole & National.**—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—**Bear Gd. Hotel.**—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—**Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—**Park Hotel (Lake Thun).**—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr.12.50.

Interlaken.—**Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.**—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—**Hotel Schweizerhof.**—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—**Grand Hotel Vereina.**—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—**Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—**Hotel Meurice.**—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—**Hotel Mirabeau.**—Delight. home-like atmos. All cmfts. and amenities. Renowned cuisine. Diet. Inclusive terms from 12s. 6d.

Lausanne.—**Victoria.**—First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—**Beau-Rivage-Palace.**—The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.**—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—**Hotel Balances & Bellevue.**—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—**Carlton Hotel.**—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—**Grand National.**—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—**The Palace.**—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation *directly* on lake shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Majestic Hotel.**—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pèlerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

Montreux.—**The Excelsior** has the best sitn. on Lake.—1st cl.—110 rms. all South. Recmd. for a stay all year round. Personal attention.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—**Park Hotel.**—Ab. village, 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Spiez.—**Strand-Hotel Belvédère.**—Excellent hotel in unrivalled position on the Lake of Thun, Bernese Oberland. Pension from Frs. 9.

Thun.—**Hotel Bellevue and Park.**—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—**Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.**—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—**Parkhotel.** Bon-Brothers, proprietors. A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—**Waldkurhaus.**—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by spindid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen.—**Palace Hotel.**—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—**Hotel Bellerive au lac.**—Finest situation on lake. Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Port of Menteith.—The Lake Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel. 324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Scarborough.—Holbeck Hall.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56¼).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—Lodore Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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